

JUL 1 0 1945

WILD LIFE IN KENYA

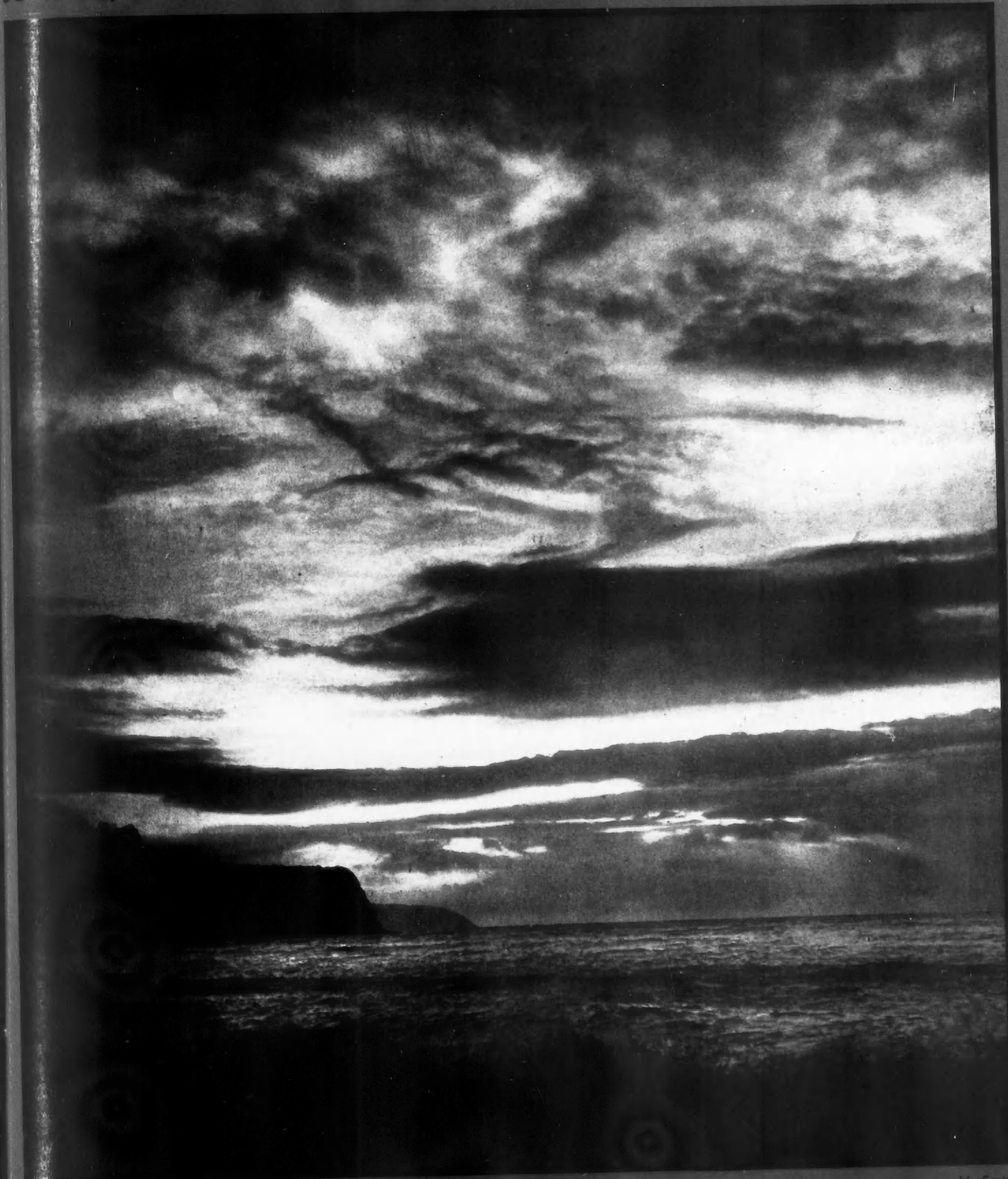
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COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. XCVII. No. 2527

JUNE 22, 1945



Harlip

THE HON. MRS. ASTOR

Mrs. Astor, whose marriage took place on June 14, is the only daughter of Lord Grantley and the late Lady Grantley and the wife of Lieutenant the Hon. W. W. Astor, R.N.V.R., eldest son of Viscount and Viscountess Astor

COUNTRY LIFE

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PLANNING PARALYSIS

WE are beginning to reap the harvest of the late Government's lamentable delay in adopting a land policy. As yet only from scattered points, but soon to come from every town where any improvement of lay-out, any reconstruction of war-damaged areas for public benefit has been proposed, comes news of planning proposals being turned down in favour of the owners of property involved. The agency that administers the *coup de grâce* to the improvements planned by the local authority is in many cases, of all agencies, the Ministry of Town and Country Planning. This anomaly should be looked into without delay. If the Party returned at the coming election fails, as one of its first steps, to implement the reasonable degree of control over land uses proposed by the Uthwatt Report, or, in different but not necessarily less effective form by the Government's White Paper on the subject, they will deserve the execration of posterity and have bequeathed to the country a legacy of muddle and frustration and wasted opportunities which will condemn our towns to slow death.

The case of Beckenham, Kent, illustrates in miniature what is going on everywhere. Enemy action cleared a considerable area in the centre of this town which the Council planned to turn to residents' benefit by laying it out to form a town centre. But there had survived the ovens of a bakery in the middle of the area. In order that the supply of bread should not be interfered with, the Council was ready to allow the bakery to rebuild its premises for a period of three years, at the end of which they were to move elsewhere. The bakery appealed to the Ministry of Town and Country Planning, which has allowed the bakery to occupy the site indefinitely. So Beckenham has presumably lost its town centre. A similar situation is brewing in Canterbury. The City Council propose to buy a devastated area in the middle of the city, occupied by congested and inferior property, and to redesign it partly as a needed open space which would open up a fine view of the cathedral, leasing the re-arranged building sites back to the owners. A ring-road round the picturesque but notoriously congested mediæval city is also proposed. Both proposals are not only good planning but common sense. Property owners oppose both schemes, as interfering with their right to develop their land as they please, as likely to raise the rates, and as diverting trade from the shops. It has been shown, on the contrary, that the public purchase scheme would pay for itself in 80 years, and we may suggest

to the people of Canterbury that the long-term result of petty individualism may be not to attract but to repel visitors and custom from a city that may become famous, not for its beauty, but as a traffic bottle-neck between chain stores and cinemas hiding all but the tops of their cathedral's towers.

It has been announced that the present Government, if re-elected, will take an early opportunity to introduce legislation based on the White Paper, by which compensation and betterment would be derived from and paid into a national fund. It is of the first importance that this essential part of planning mechanism should be introduced, since for lack of it, as these instances show, intelligent reconstruction is paralysed. Plymouth, Coventry, Norwich, Southampton, scores of undamaged but out-of-date cities, London itself, are powerless without it to implement plans the majority of which have been generally applauded and must be made workable before the building army is mobilised.

THE CONSERVATIVE

I SHUT my eyes—and I can see a road
Winding by hedges, dusty-white and small,
And, lumbering slow, a tidy wagonload
Of hay with me on top of it, a-sprawl:
And through the devil's roar the guns let loose
That makes the head tight and the senses numb,
I hear the scrunch, clomp of old Prince's shoes
As, through the sunset, down the road we come
Towards this other Me in bloody guise,
Holding his Tommy-gun with close-shut eyes.

Oh, little rutty lane, stay till I come,
For come I shall whether as man or shade!
No concrete road could lead my footsteps home,
The little home by our love's labour made.
Oh, yellow bracken on our beech-crowned hill
Where, of an Autumn morning, sun and mist
Play hide and seek with you and Down until
A chap's fair mazed with gold and amethyst—
Oh, outlaw bracken, though they burn you, wait!
Wicked you may be, yet I love you, mate.
Oh, darling England, let your change be slow—
Your sons are dying for the land they know.

M. CHILD.

MILITARY ROADS ON THE DOWNS

THE Society of Sussex Downsmen publish an illuminating statement by the S.E. Regional Planning Officer on the subject of downland military roads. The suggestion—there reported as coming from the War Department's Command Land Agent—that the net-work of tarmacadam and concrete roads built by the War Office during the war should be retained as "a means by which motorists and others will have easier access," obviously cuts at the roots of the preserver's position. If adopted, it would destroy at a blow that peculiar beauty which chiefly justifies the attitude of the rural authorities; for, once general traffic was set loose over these new concrete and macadam roads—with abandoned runways and emplacements to provide convenient car parks—it would be quite illogical to forbid the "Brightonisation" of the Downs on grounds of preserving unspoilt and intact an area of characteristic natural beauty. The Command Land Agent is reported as regarding the roads as "to a certain extent improvements"; which means, he says, that, if the Ministry of Health or the Ministry of Town and Country Planning require rein-statement to be made, "the matter will have to be referred to the War Office for a decision." On that decision the whole future of the South Downs may well depend, but is the War Department the proper authority to make it? Surely, if the last word is to be with any single Department, it should be the Ministry of Town and Country Planning—which, whatever its present lack of performance in built-up areas, was actually brought into being to control the solution of such problems.

CHARLECOTE PARK

THE announcement made on Tuesday at the National Trust luncheon that Sir Montgomerie Fairfax Lucy has completed the arrangements initiated by his father for handing over Charlecote to the National Trust is to be warmly welcomed. On the Avon just above Stratford, Charlecote Park is world-famous as the scene of young William Shakespeare's poaching affray, as a result of which the then Lucy, as resident magistrate, had him whipped, and the poet stuck ribald verses about the knight on his gate-house, making the neighbourhood so hot for himself that he had to leave his wife and seek his fortune in London as a player. But for the incident, Will Shakespeare might never have left Stratford, yet he caricatured Sir Thomas Lucy again as Justice Shallow in the *Merry Wives*, clinching the matter by his reference to "the dozen little luses" in Shallow's coat of arms. The house is a beautiful Tudor building of mellow brick, dating from 1558, and the gate-house still stands. The principal rooms will be open to the public, but a wing added in the nineteenth century is reserved by the owner. The Trust's acceptance of the gift, however, is conditional on the raising of £25,000 as an endowment fund for the maintenance of the house and park. It is a small amount for so important an acquisition and all lovers of Shakespeare and Stratford should support it.

POTATOES

LITTLE more than 200 years ago, in 1738, Dr. Deering described potatoes in his Catalogue of Plants as "eatable nightshade," and just 30 years earlier *A Gardener's Kalendar* had suggested that potatoes might "prove good for swine." We may, therefore, guess how incomprehensible the present crop of jests (begotten by local scarcities) testifying to the value and popularity of potatoes in our domestic economy would have been to our forbears. Though "batatas," as they then were, had been brought from the New World about 1586, opposition (passive or active) continued for a quarter of a millennium. Indeed, so recently as the nineteenth century, Cobbett was loud in his denunciations of that "lazy root" which was likely to be the ruin of English agriculture. In Scotland, too, potatoes had to prove their worth in the face of adverse prejudice: the Scots labourers feared that the cultivation of potatoes on a large scale would mean a reduction in the acreage producing their favourite food of oatmeal. It is amusing that, though the three chief candidates for the honour of introducing potatoes to North-west Europe are Englishmen—Sir John Hawkins, Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Francis Drake—it is not in England but in Germany, at Offenburg, that a statue stands to the honour of the first importer, there said to be Drake.

WAR IN PEACE

IT is announced that Lancashire and Yorkshire will meet once more on the cricket field this Summer. Then peace must really have come and with it the old bloodthirsty war of peace-time. The cricket that has been played for the last five years has been essentially jolly and light-hearted with no one caring over-much who won. It is arguable that this is the ideal to be aimed at in all games, but it is one which the supporter of the two roses will never admit, when they are pitted against one another. In this one respect the war will surely have made no change, and once more, as in the pleasant old story, the two sides will say "Good morning" on the first day and after that nothing but "How's that?" Changes there will be on both sides and there is one to be regretted far outside the boundaries of Yorkshire: Hedley Verity will be there no longer. Yorkshire can generally produce a bowler when he is needed; Rhodes's mantle fell on Verity and there may be a new claimant as yet unknown. At the moment, though, it is still much too early to judge. Verity's heir would seem to be a Lancastrian, Roberts, who is to play for England in the next match against Australia. Here at any rate is a good, old-fashioned battle to look forward to, even for those who find it possible to be impartial on a matter of such deadly import.



OLD LUDFORD BRIDGE, ON THE TEME AT LUDLOW, SHROPSHIRE

J. Chettleburgh

A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES

By

Major C. S. JARVIS

AMONG the various common lands which were enclosed in the bad old days of the Enclosure Act during the early part of last century was a considerable area of the Forest of Bere in East Hampshire. This tract of well-wooded country, which is no longer a forest in the accepted sense of the word, lies to the north of Portsdown Hills, and one of the small villages in the district is called Boarhunt, a reminder of the days when the wild boar as well as the wolf existed in the forest. The peculiarity of this old-time common land for many years after its enclosure and cultivation was the variation in its general fertility, and a resident in the district tells me that if one commented on the productiveness of some particular holding, and the richness of its soil, the oldest inhabitant would say: "Ah, that was an alder bed in the days when the forest was open."

* * *

IT has never occurred to me that the alder had any particular value, except possibly at the present time when, through shortage of leather and rubber, wooden soles on the clog principle are coming into fashion again. The alder is connected in my mind always with trout-stream banks, and being of that type of tree which never grows to any size, but usurps a position over the water so that casting for fish is extremely hazardous, while the wood is so brittle that any attempt to climb into the tree to retrieve a fly is to run the risk of an immersion. Apparently, however, it must have the quality of enriching the soil for I learn that in the island of Formosa, about which we shall probably hear much in the months to come, the natives, who are not very advanced in civilisa-

tion and modern methods of farming, cultivate an area for many years without the use of any organic manure. When the fertility of the plot is completely exhausted they sow it down to alder, allow the trees to grow for a generation, after which the land, now extremely fruitful, goes back to general cultivation again. It is strange that two farming communities so far apart as the inhabitants of Hampshire, and those of an island off the Chinese coast, should have discovered that this not particularly desirable tree has definite fertilising properties, but the Formosan system sounds a wearisome and lengthy method of improving the land. I have a suspicion that, if I had been born a Formosan, it would have been my lot to come into the family estate during the generation when it was down to alder to manure things for the next generation.

* * *

AGOOD story has reached me from Yorkshire where the Pest Officer of the local W.A.E.C. was informed that an animal which might be classed as a pest or danger requiring his attention was to be found in a certain farmhouse; so the official called on a visit of inspection. He was taken by the householder into a room where a big wooden crate lay on its side, and a kick on the back of this, accompanied by the order: "Get up, Lulu, time for breakfast," brought forth a full-grown tigress, who yawned

widely. She then stretched herself against the wall of the room, her claws tearing the frieze below the ceiling, and afterwards was handed a large bowl of bread and milk. When she had finished her meal her owner wiped her whiskers carefully with a large napkin in the same way that a dutiful mother wipes her baby's mouth after a meal.

* * *

LULU'S owner explained that the tigress had been brought from India as a small cub some seven years ago, and that the local authorities had taken action against him to have her destroyed, or sent to a Zoological Gardens, but had lost the case. As a proof that Lulu was quite harmless he tied a piece of light string round her neck, and led her to a neighbouring field enclosed by an ordinary hedge. On being released Lulu galloped round the field several times, and then, in response to a clap of the hands, rushed towards her master, who bent down to enable her to jump over him. After a strenuous game of leap-frog some all-in wrestling took place, in which the man overcame the tigress by getting a grip on her hind leg, and throwing her on her side.

He then re-tied the piece of string round her neck, and led her through the main street of the village, where the grand finale occurred. As they passed the school the children came running out, and with shouts of "Hallo! here's Lulu" they flocked round her, pulling her tail and rubbing her ears until the bell signalled the end of "break." The local Pest Officer, I am told, has so far taken no official action as there is nothing laid down in his departmental orders which covers friendly tigresses.

WILD LIFE IN KENYA—I

TWO BULL ELEPHANTS

Written and Illustrated by LT.-COLONEL C. H. STOCKLEY



1.—CAUGHT AS HE LIFTED HIS TUSKS ABOVE THE LEVEL OF THE THICK BUSH IN WHICH HE WAS FEEDING

THERE had been rain to the east, which was drawing all the elephant away in that direction, while on the very day I arrived a company of light tanks had passed all over the ground doing their hush-hush training right out in the wilderness, so prospects of game photography of any kind in this particular area of Kenya's Northern Frontier District were poor.

We made camp about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, after a difficult motor trip of 140 odd miles, not rendered easier by some unreliable information as to the whereabouts of my objective when I left the main track. So I felt I needed a good night's sleep when I turned in at half past eight. At 4 a.m. four lions arrived, grunting and grumbling around the camp until I lit a lamp and put it out in front of the tent, when they moved off slowly, still grumbling

their discontent at their beat being simply littered with men. I went to bed again and, ten minutes later, just as I was dropping off, two rhino arrived from the other side and began snorting at the light. As rhino sometimes express their dislike for a small fire or a light by charging it, I had to get up and bring the lamp inside, then stand by with the heavy rifle until the two great black shapes looming up in the light of the setting moon gave a final combined snort and moved peaceably away uphill.

Our camp was by a small river flowing east down between long bush-covered slopes from the plateau above, before pitching over the 1,000-ft. escarpment to the plains about three miles below us. Normally only a string of pools with a trickle to join them, the river was unusually full from recent rains.

At sunrise Kibogo, the camera boy, and I

were crossing the big ridge to the east, and twenty minutes later he exclaimed: "Is that a rock or an elephant?" pointing across the valley to a grey lump half way up its far side. The glasses showed a fine bull elephant, with about eighty-pound tusks, feeding in six-foot thornbush and in as awkward a place for a picture as could be imagined. The wind was blowing steady down the valley to him, so that we would have to circle round beyond him, then climb the slope to get above him; even when we got there a picture was by no means a certainty, as an opening had to be found in the bush within range and free of intrusive branches straggling across to make blurs which would spoil the photograph.

We had to go fast, as the early morning wind might change at any moment and our attention was firmly fixed on the elephant when we reached a big pool, where a natural rock dam held up the stream just before it tumbled over the escarpment. We were level with the reedbed on our side when there was a violent swirl right at our feet.

"Croc," we both exclaimed, "and a big one."

We were wrong, for the waters parted ten yards out and up came the great head of a bull hippo, who stared at us for a couple of seconds, then submerged and set the ripples lapping the bank. A most unexpected item on the programme; for normally the stream was not even big enough to hold a croc, and this fellow (with wife and big youngster as we discovered next day) must have climbed a couple of thousand feet from their normal home.

Wading the river we climbed the hillside and were soon above the level of our bull elephant, who was feeding in the thickest part of the bush, and it took me half an hour's manoeuvring to get any chance of an exposure. I took two with films which had already been a long time in the camera and of whose efficiency I was very doubtful, then changed to the first of the two dark slides which Kibogo handed to me from the camera case, and waited. It meant making exposures only when he lifted his head and his ivory was showing, and another half-hour went by before I had taken four more. Then the breeze suddenly dropped, blew on my face, then on my right cheek and then, most alarmingly, on the back of my neck. Up went



2.—MEDITATING OVER THE 40-FT. ACACIA TREE WHICH HE HAD JUST PUSHED DOWN

3.—A HERD OF
SOME FIFTY
BUFFALO PASS
BEHIND THE
MEDITATIVE
ELEPHANT



the bull's trunk, out went his ears as he took a pace forward, and I thought we were for it; for light thornbush, while most difficult for photography, affords little cover and no obstacle to elephant or rhino. However, it was only just a slight whiff, and after a little more uneasiness he settled down to feed again and we retired to pack up the camera.

Then I noticed the numbers on the slides I had exposed.

"Kibogo, from which compartment did you take these slides?"

His face fell, and he answered sheepishly, "Sorry, bwana!"

There are two compartments in my camera case, the right holds unexposed and the left exposed or empty slides. I had exposed my last four with no film in them. The finish of the "sitting" had been a great relief; I had had a trying night, my boots had dried hard and were hurting my feet and—the whole thing had to be done again. I went back, found the bull had shifted behind some taller bush, then, after still another half-hour's wait, made two more exposures.

I developed them that evening, found the

first two films ruined by heat, and one of the last pair fogged by the slide being leaky, but the final one had caught him just as he lifted his tusks above the level of the bush and was at least passable (Fig. 1)

That night we had rhino and lion around again, but the latter were a bit farther off and the rhino moved on after a snort or two.

We hunted for the bull again, saw a lion and a rhino farther on to the north-east, came back and devoted the rest of the morning to hippo, then back to camp and butterfly hunting, as my boots had skinned my toes the previous day and sore feet had to be humoured.

More rhino that night, and as we were a little far from the ground I shifted camp to the next side valley to the east siting it on the edge of a steep bush-filled gully.

In the afternoon we went up the far side of the valley, over the crest and on to the spurs beyond, but no elephant were there, only a bull rhino in an impossible place and several herds of water-buck and impala. On the way back however, Kibogo scored again: "*Tembo*," he said, pointing up at the crest of the north slope.

Sure enough there was a bull elephant with poor ivory feeding among the trees at the top. We watched him until dusk came and he hardly shifted.

At sunrise we found him down by the stream and only a little over a mile from camp. I had gone very high up the slope on our side and it was lucky I had, as he was in a clump of acacia trees, hard to see and impossible to photograph, so, having got to a knoll a furlong above him, we sat down and waited.

He behaved like a perfect gentleman. After stretching up his trunk and finding no acacia tips to his liking he moved slowly down to the river, crossed by the drift which was quite evidently (on evidence of the previous day) normally used by buffalo, then moved slowly fifty yards down the other bank. Again he tested several trees and finally decided on one of the tallest as suitable for operations.

He hooked his trunk high up over a big fork, shuffled close up until his chest and throat were in contact with the main stem, then leant forward and shoved. There was a great rending of wood, a tremendous crash, and the forty-foot acacia was flat on the ground. I had seen what was coming and had the camera ready. Having moved down within fifty yards or so, I pressed the shutter trigger at the critical moment. That one film was ruined by a crack in the woodwork of the carrier and was the only spoilt negative of that morning. The disaster, when I developed it, was too great for even swear-words to ease my feelings, for I had always thought (having often seen Indian elephants at work in the forest) that an elephant pushed with its forehead when it turned a tree over.

The bull contemplated the tree for some time before beginning to feed (Fig. 2), and then came a marvellous piece of luck.

From out of the bush at the top of the far slope came a herd of some fifty buffalo (Fig. 3), moving steadily down towards us and crossing behind the meditative bull. On they came; I made four exposures. They disappeared down the bank of the river; there were great splashing and then they came up our slope and passed up the hill about fifty yards away through the bush to our right and so out of the picture.

I took a couple more of our bull when he began to feed (Fig. 4), then went back to camp. As the evening cooled I developed my films. Though the tree-crashing episode was spoilt, the rest were good and in four of them I had elephant and buffalo on the same negative. Is this unique? It is in my experience.



4.—BEGINNING TO FEED ON THE ACACIA TREE

THE PROSPECT BEFORE US—V

RECREATION AND LANDSCAPE

By L. GORDON HALES (Town Clerk of Bewdley, 1933-1945)

IN a recent article describing work done by that notable landscape designer, William Andrews Nesfield (1793-1891), Christopher Hussey says:

The great century of English landscape art was drawing to a close. In that hundred years the demands of art and use had become so closely identified in connection with the land, as to be indistinguishable, with the result that the English countryside was brought into being. It was a unique creation, unparalleled anywhere in the world. But by the '40s as Nesfield recognised, progressive industrialism, and most obviously the building of the railways, had opposed to agricultural aesthetics another standard for the use of land, that of economic utility, from which the aesthetics of landscape were conspicuously excluded. And so it has continued to the present day, till it is now forgotten that time was, not long ago, when the countryside was consciously made as a useful work of art.

Although this record of the development of the English countryside into its present form, sketched more fully by the same writer in the Introduction to this series, is in the main a matter of academic interest, the fact that it is a useful work of art, and as such a great national asset, is of immediate practical importance. The English landscape is as highly acclaimed as the English climate is accused by visitors from abroad, and it is a source of boundless delight to our own townspeople in search of mental and physical refreshment and also visual relief from the monotony and muddle which characterises so many of the large "conurbations."

The unremitting demand for temporary escape from the town into the country, whether for week-ends or for holidays, creates a persistent movement from the built-up areas like water from an overflowing bowl, and recent attempts to check this outward movement by providing additional powers of control over the erection of temporary as well as permanent buildings have only directed the flow towards an alternative exit formed by the extended use of movable dwellings which are exempt from all building by-laws. The genuine camper responds to the call of a life that is "free as the great wide air," and the increasing popularity of this recreational activity is one of the few sound social tendencies in an age of noise and hurry. There are, however, many irresponsible townsmen, who must be made subject to reasonable direction and control if the beauty of rural England is not to be blemished by the very people who are so anxious to enjoy it. "One curse of British life has been our failure to keep popular pleasuring from growing shabby and sordid." The *Observer* has here indicated how country amenities are still



Photograph: C.P.R.E.

SHACKS, CARAVANS AND TENTS SPRAWLING ALONG THE BANKS OF THE SEVERN

being exploited for individual profit against the interests of the community as a whole.

Shacks and Caravans

THE "profit first" contingent has always been a step ahead of any legislation designed to check abuses, and the Town and Country Planning and Restriction of Ribbon Development Acts have not removed the many melancholy sprawls of ill-considered building that sprang up while the various Bills were making their tortuous way into the statute book. In rural areas, and on the sea coast in particular, a great deal of the damage that has been done is the result of piecemeal attempts to meet the demands of countless holiday-makers with week-end bungalows, tea shacks, road houses, and accommodation for campers and caravanners right in the midst of many places of natural interest and beauty, ignoring completely even the most elementary principles of sound country planning. The Minister of Town and Country Planning has said in an address to the Council for the Preservation of Rural England that there is pressing need for "sound holiday development in carefully selected places and strict preservation and improved access in all the remaining unspoilt stretches." More adequate provision for the mass-minded in permanent holiday camps of the Butlin type must undoubtedly be made, but subsidiary development is attracted to such large-scale accommodation like bees to a honey pot, and planning control will have to be diligently and energetically exercised, in order to prevent disfiguration of the selected spots.

Even so, movable dwellings, including

not only tents and caravans but also converted bus bodies, tram cars, and lorries, and even genuinely portable shacks, are not at present subject to any amenity control at all until the particular camping site has been in use for more than sixty days in a year (or more than forty-two consecutively), and the result is becoming more and more obvious day by day. Odd-looking collections of two or three or more movable dwellings, sited, designed, and coloured without any relation one to the other and accompanied by miscellaneous makeshift latrines are being dotted about the countryside in quietly increasing numbers, despite the petrol shortage. Two of the photographs appearing with this article illustrate the shapeless muddle and tawdriness of many camping sites, but personal discovery is needed to bring home the shock and frightful impact on the surrounding landscape of some of the colour combinations. I have seen strange designs of stripes and diamonds executed in black and purple or yellow and striking mixtures of blue and red, as well as the dried-blood shade referred to by Clough Williams-Ellis in his seventeen-year-old book of omen *England and the Octopus*. This blatant ugliness is far removed from the atmosphere of Robert Louis Stevenson's *Travels with a Donkey in the Cévennes*:

The bed was made, the room was fit,
By punctual eve the stars were lit,
The air was still, the water ran;
No need there was for maid or man,
When we put up, my ass and I,
At God's green caravanserai.

A Boom in Camping

IT will indeed be a tragic misfortune if the serious abuses that are beginning to creep in are allowed to continue and bring all camping and caravanning into disrepute. Yet this is bound to happen if the present methods of control are not amended and extended. In his presidential address to the Town Planning Institute, Sir Peirson Frank pointed out that social conditions might encourage caravan homes, and an increasing number of letters to local authorities asking if it is correct that movable dwellings are exempt from building by-laws, and single and double decker bus bodies advertised for sale as "ideal for bungalows," are all pointers in the same direction. Who can seriously doubt that a boom in camping and caravanning is inevitable at the end of the war when cheap and plentiful transport becomes available and holidays with pay schemes are extended? The battered and dilapidated seaside resorts will be quite unable to provide the accommodation required. Ex-service men and women demobilised after years of open-air life, and weary war workers who have not had a complete change of surroundings for several years will make use of any available type of movable dwelling for holiday purposes, spreading a liberal sprinkling of multi-shaped and coloured homes on wheels along the coastline



Photograph: C.P.R.E.

A SECTION OF A SEMI-PERMANENT ENCAMPMENT

The owner of the land can get nearly £300 a month per acre from informal slums of this kind that yet conform with the Ministry of Health regulations

and over the river valleys, downs and hillsides. It is surely not an intelligent answer to point out that this can only continue without control for two months in the year, particularly in view of the normal (or sub-normal) length of the English Summer! In any event, even if this period is exceeded and the licensing section of the Public Health Act, 1936, is thus brought into operation, this does not provide for the protection of amenities. Yet protection of some kind is needed in many places even from the members of the excellent caravan organisations. The National Caravan Council has stated in a pamphlet on "the requirements of campers in connection with planned open spaces" that recognised camping sites should command good views of the scenery. This may well be desirable from the individual caravanner's point of view, but it does not allow for the fact that a correspondingly good (or bad) view of the camping site will be imposed upon other people. When a number of movable dwellings with their attendant latrines are gathered together in one place, the result cannot be said to adorn the landscape, no matter how brief their sojourn.

Order or Chaos?

ONE would naturally expect this problem to come within the province of the Minister of Town and Country Planning, since he is charged by the Acts with "the preservation of places of natural interest and beauty" and "the general protection of existing amenities." Yet local authorities have merely been advised by the Ministry of Health to make use of the licensing provisions of the Public Health Act and not exercise control over movable dwellings under Town Planning Schemes, apart from exceptional cases. It is possible to understand how these instructions came to be issued when the Town Planning Division was only a component part of the Ministry of Health. But it is strange indeed that the first Minister of Town and Country Planning, who has now been in office for more than two years, has not yet sent out a circular to local authorities advising them to pay proper regard to the preservation of amenities when licensing camping grounds, and also indicating that control over the location of the sites should be exercised through planning schemes. As Ivor Brown has pithily put it:

If we are going to control the use of land for building under Town and Country Planning Schemes, what about the use of land for periodic squatting, camping, and caravanning? Plainly a sprawl of garishly painted caravans mixed up with a few old bus bodies and a lot of tents can be even more hideous than the tawdriest row of bungalows and villas.

It is utterly illogical to deny a man the right to "develop" land with houses and leave him free to develop it with any kind of temporary collection of shacks-on-wheels or tawdry car-cum-trailer lodgments.

It will, we hope, be a free country, but authority, while encouraging the movable lodging as an economical and potentially healthy answer to the holiday problem, will really have to temper the licence to camp with some order and discipline if the country is not to be further scarred and bedegged.

Some more effective statutory control is essential, for approximately £600 a month can be obtained from a camping site of less than two acres without exceeding the maximum numbers permitted by the Ministry of Health model by-laws, and farmers are seldom in a position to resist such financial pressure under peace-time conditions. The problem of the external appearance of movable dwellings and planning control over the use of land for camping purposes must, with intelligent anticipation, be tackled by prevention rather than an expensive cure involving heavy compensation. This is the time to begin, for all true Englishmen are anxious to retain the best of the traditional England that stood alone in 1940 and "saved the sum of things . . ."

The following extract from a letter written by Lieutenant-Colonel R. F. Guymer, R.A.M.C., to Sir Patrick Abercrombie after his return from a lecturing tour in the Middle East and quoted in his address at the annual meeting of the Town and Country Planning Association shows that the time is ripe for wise and courageous planning:

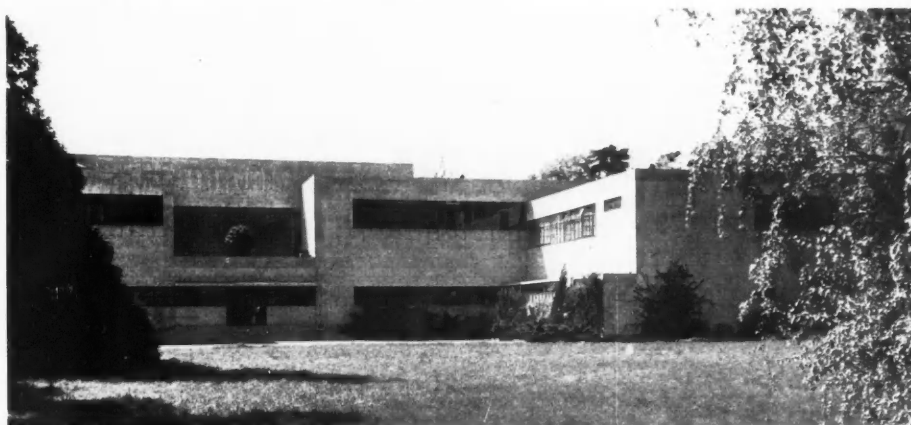
The activities of all new planners at home are watched very keenly by the British Tommy, and a remarkable change in his attitude has taken place in the last twelve months. Whereas formerly he was very much inclined to consider all post-war problems in a very selfish light, he now regards them much more from the point of view of "what will benefit the most people in the greatest way." This change of heart has been very noticeable.

Control of Sites

IF sectional interests are thus to be set aside in favour of the general good, I believe that reasonable precautions can be taken through a bold planning policy, and therefore suggest that suitable sites should be selected by all planning authorities and included in draft scheme maps with an indication that camping in other places will be prohibited. Townspeople visiting the country as campers can surely be expected to walk a few hundred yards to the beautiful view that has attracted them to the district, and their travelling homes should not be allowed to rest on and obliterate the very view itself. Such a thing ought to be quite as great an affront to public opinion as the appearance of a countryman in London intending to stay in his caravan in St. James's Park.

These "approved" sites could be graded into a number of different categories on the following lines:

- 1.—A liberal allowance should be made for



Holiday hotels in National or Regional Parks can be formed in existing unoccupied country houses (such as Witley Court illustrated in COUNTRY LIFE of June 15) or consist in up-to-date buildings such as this modern country house that shows how well contemporary design can fit into traditional landscape

camping grounds restricted to tents. As the late Wesley Dougill pointed out in a report on *The English Coast* prepared for the C.P.R.E.,

In general, from an amenity point of view, nothing can be said against camping under canvas, always provided the location is suitable and proper services are available. . . . The shape, colour, and size of the tents do not as a rule conflict with the landscape, particularly if some imagination is exercised in their lay-out.

The occupier of the ground need only be advised to insist on intelligent siting of the tents and orderly lay-out and then be allowed plenty of latitude as long as all reasonable requirements are observed.

- 2.—Sites adjoining open country and limited to tents and caravans (with component sanitary accommodation) of a design and colour scheme approved by the Fine Arts Commission, R.I.B.A. or other similar organisation.

- 3.—Sites near open country but screened from view either by a belt of trees or the contours of the ground and limited to tents and any type of caravan.

- 4.—"Open" sites available for all types of movable dwellings situated in country districts but adjoining places that have already suffered some other disfigurement. Here the type of camper that must have a noisy holiday in a loud-looking makeshift caravan can be given the opportunity with a minimum amount of injury to amenities.

- 5.—Large-scale and semi-permanent sites with up-to-date water supply, washing arrangements, lavatory accommodation, access roads,

and made-up paths, and including a number of well-designed wooden bungalows of the chalet type. These sites would be under supervision by a whole-time warden.

Holiday Parks

EVERY local authority should provide municipal sites of all the various categories enumerated above where there is a demand for these facilities in the district which has not already been met satisfactorily by private enterprise. Moreover, the Government has a glorious opportunity to make an architectural bequest to the future that will bring high credit to this generation, by building well equipped and dignified hostels in National Parks for the use of mobile holiday-makers to be maintained "by the people for the people," thus carrying on the tradition of the great country house of the eighteenth century in modern form. The recent articles on Charters, Sunningdale, have described "how modern science and industrial craftsmanship can help to carry on that tradition of civilisation of which the great English country house has for so long been perhaps the highest expression." Existing country houses that are either unoccupied or derelict, such as the majestic ruin of Witley Court, could also be converted into large youth hostels, and old country cottages of architectural merit adapted for similar use by the methods so ably advocated by W. H. Godfrey in *Our*

Building Inheritance. Similarly, trunk roads flanked by wide stretches of grass and noble groups of trees, like the fine National Parkways of America, would provide means of access to the countryside without leaving an ugly scar across it, and these motor roads should be supplemented by a co-ordinated chain of foot-paths or "Walkers' Ways" along scenic river valleys and hillsides.

There is undoubtedly a growing appreciation of natural landscape beauty, and all who wish to enjoy the benefits of country life should, in some way, accept a measure of responsibility for the preservation of country amenities, whether it is by forgoing the right to put their own personal convenience before the general good, or by some financial contribution towards the annual cost of the upkeep of popular public open spaces in the country. No matter how little people do towards the provision or preservation of something for themselves, they will always appreciate it far more than ever before. During the discussion on a paper on *Coastal Preservation and Planning* given at the Royal Geographical Society by J. A. Steers, Professor Tansley said "the fundamental joy and refreshment that one gets from wild scenery touches the deepest springs of mental and spiritual life." With this thought in mind, every country planner will surely strive to see that adequate means for recreation are provided in the future without further detriment to the landscape.

The previous articles in this series appeared on May 18 and 25 and June 1 and 8.

CHARLES LUTYENS: INVENTOR AND PAINTER. 1829-1917

By GUY PAGET

CHARLES LUTYENS must have been a remarkable man. Few people are destined to be the father both of a President of the Royal Academy, and the greatest British architect of the century, and of a holder, for 31 years, of the 1,000 yds. world running record. He had eleven sons and three daughters, the two youngest being the late Sir Edwin Landseer Lutyens, P.R.A., and Canon William Lutyens, who won the mile for Cambridge the four times he ran against Oxford. An undoubted case of dual purpose, brain and brawn.

He was the son of Charles Lutyens the elder, one of eight brothers, five of whom served in the Napoleonic wars. One was taken prisoner and, to pass the time, started a pack of hounds, the forerunner of the Pau Hunt. Another was

meter, the first range-finder. Instead of going out to the Crimea, he was sent back to Hythe to teach its use at the School of Musketry. While he was there an American brought down a breech-loading rifle to be tried out, the first ever invented. The powers-that-were would have none of it. They said it would rust up and jam. The inventor threw it into the sea and left it there for an hour, and it worked perfectly on being taken out and shaken. Ten years later Prussia conquered Europe with the Needle gun—the beginning of her long run of plunder and rapine. Charles improved on the invention, but the man who made the new range-finder took the idea and received one thousand pounds and a pension! "It brought me no luck, cost me a lot of time

and money and deprived me of the honour of fighting for my country, the war being over before I got out to the Crimea," Charles used to say. Though awarded both medals, he would never wear them.

He lived a happy life painting and hunting. Though not fond of games, he played cricket and tennis with his children. He bought a rambling house at Thursley, near Hindhead, Surrey. On one occasion, while he was out hunting, two of his children went into the studio to get a book and succeeded in knocking over a large unfinished picture, splitting it right across. The news was broken by the mother and, on seeing the culprits' state of agitation, he kissed them and never mentioned the picture.

He refused £300 for a landscape and painted it over the next week, for he was not only an animal painter, but did landscapes and portraits as well. He entertained his fellow artists at his house in Onslow Square and was the last man in the world to be called a snob. He cared little for appearances, and his favourite garment for fifty years was his old Crimean cloak.

I have given these family details to convey some idea of the man—the last man in the



1.—AN ILLUSTRATION FROM MR. SPINKS AND HIS HOUNDS BY J. M. LUTYENS, 1890

world whom one would expect to start a row among his friends. Yet this he did, on a very perplexing topic.

On leaving the Army, he had studied under Sir Edwin Landseer and became, first, a favourite pupil and then an intimate friend, hence the christian names of the late P.R.A. He applied to the technique of painting the same inventiveness as he had to problems of musketry, and in the course of his experiments believed that he had discovered a system of tonal perspective capable of reduction to a mathematical ratio, which he claimed to be the ancient "Venetian Secret" that Reynolds had quarrelled with Gainsborough rather than reveal. This it was that led to his being "excommunicated" by the Royal Academy. As to how this came about, I cannot do better than avail myself of Canon William Lutyens's permission to quote his account of the incident from his delightful book of memoirs, to be published shortly.

"My father was just past fifty years of age, when he was convinced that he had rediscovered the Venetian Secret. It was not a question of genius, but of definite knowledge. Pliny, the younger, talks of the secret of the masters as 'something more than light or shade,' which they called 'tone or splendour.' The effects of Nature could be measured by it and it was more than just perspective. A great sensation was made by a picture my father exhibited at the Royal Academy of Mrs. Irvine, when she was Miss Galwey, entering a room with a bunch of daffodils in her hand. The striking thing about the picture was the management of the double light coming from the passage behind her and that coming from the room."

From this description the picture must have much resembled that reproduced in Fig. 2, but this is described as *Portrait of Molly* (later Mrs. Wemyss).

"At the varnishing day Calderon R.A., a well known artist, congratulated my father on



2.—PORTRAIT OF MOLLY (MRS. WEMYSS)
Captain Francis Lutyens

A.D.C. to Napoleon at St. Helena. On being ordered to spy on the Emperor through holes in walls, he refused in such uncompromising terms that he was court-martialled and dismissed the Service, but was reinstated and allowed to retain the lock of hair and pistols given him by the Emperor.

Charles of this Memoir was born in 1829 at Southwick, a moated house near Reading, from which fishing could be had from the windows. Having been removed from a school, run on Dotheboys Hall lines, he was educated privately. The master used to place the boys' heads between his legs to flog them, until one day a boy of great strength threw the brute over his back, well nigh killing him. Many years later Lutyens was telling this story after dinner, when a fellow guest remarked: "Quite true, and I was always sorry I failed to break his neck."

Charles's father had no difficulty in obtaining a commission for him in the XXth Foot (Lancashire Fusiliers) then stationed in Canada. Here he divided his leisure between painting and hunting, being one of the founders of the Montreal Drag Hunt. In the club house many of his drawings still decorate the walls. Here too he met and married his wife, Miss Mary Gallway, an Irish girl of great beauty. He is said to have previously been prejudiced against matrimony by being stuck in a railway carriage with three squalling infants by a brother officer who thought him too young to marry. At the first stop the love-sick swain got out, saying he was cured.

The shadow of the Bear was the occasion of his return to England and thence to Malta. Here he invented a Stedeo-



3.—THE WEY AT ELSTEAD. Captain Francis Lutyens

it, saying 'they were all puzzled by it, as it looked like an old master.'

My father then told him what he thought he had found out. Calderon said "Make a brotherhood." My father replied that he would tell the Academy all about it, if they would meet him, as the matter was too important to be kept a secret. Alas! the authorities would not meet him to hear. Lord Leighton said he would have nothing to do with it—"I have my friends to look after." Sir John Millais said he was too old to learn anything new. A direct attack on my father was begun. All exhibitions were closed to him. The effect on my father's career was serious. The Duchess of Montrose wanted Isonomy painted, but would trust the work to no one but Lutyens, "who she feared was dead." On hearing that he was living at Onslow Square, she sent for him and the great horse was painted.

"After such a setback my father ploughed a lonely furrow, even picture dealers were forced by authority to refuse their windows to him, which measured the dread in which those at the top feared the publication of this knowledge.

"In discussing the matter my father claimed that painting could not escape the laws of mathematics, any more than music could. He used the analogy of music in support of his claims. As a given key controlled music at certain periods, so it was with Nature; the key could be changed at any moment. When the sun shone, things were under the influence of a major key; when shadows prevailed the key was a minor one. Problem, find the key, and the effect on the canvas would be true. To know how to paint a landscape without getting the sky in front of the foreground is a knowledge worth having. To be able



4.—MASTER OLIVER. The Earl of Yarborough

Bradford's magnificent picture of the coach of the Master of the Horse (Fig. 6). Some of Lutyens's pictures of hunting scenes smell a bit of the camera for their drawing of movement, but there is something arresting about them, something intangibly great, different from other people's.

Writing of tone and shade, without at least coloured reproductions, is about as easy as explaining light to a blind man, but even the black and whites give some idea of his beyondness. When times are more settled, let us hope that an exhibition of his pictures may be arranged, and let there be Poynter's, Leighton's, and Millais's there for comparison, and even of his rejected and despised master Landseer's, for no man who saved £200,000 out of his earnings can always have been bad. Our fathers may not have appreciated a palette being flung in their faces, but even they treasured the great masters.

One thing which will tell against Lutyens is his paints. He often used heavy enamels, which have perished, and some of his whites have gone black. In his old age he almost lost his sight; it had been failing for a long time, and militated against his reputation. Artists with the best of sight find it difficult to see their mistakes.

He gave up riding only when almost blind and over eighty. When asked if he regretted it, he replied: "My boy, every age has its compensations as well as its drawbacks."

There is no doubt that Charles Lutyens is far and away above the run of Victorian R.A.s, though not a Velasquez or a Titian.



5.—HOUNDS BREAKING COVERT. Captain Francis Lutyens

to emulate Paul Veronese in manipulating the effect of a double light, as he does in his picture of S. Helena receiving the Cross from the hands of angels, is surely the desire of every artist."

In a letter to myself the Canon adds: "I have heard my father often accused of carelessness in his composition. That I fear is true. He did not bother about arranging his scene, or other people's clothes. What he was after was the true effect. To paint, therefore, what was before his eyes was his one endeavour, not to invent."

In spite of this boycott, the Duke of Portland employed him to paint his hunters but only a few of his racehorses; Emil Adams was the rage at that time. Charles Lutyens was then over sixty and his sight was beginning to fail, yet it would be nice to compare his *Memoir*, now in the Jockey Club Room, with Adams's of the same mare at Welbeck. He was very good at hounds. His picture of Lord Coventry's Rambler is reproduced in Lord Willoughby's *Passing Years*. He worked for the Duke of Westminster. One of his best equestrian portraits is of Mr. John Earl Welby, father of the Belvoir.

About two years ago a self-portrait of him modelling disappeared from a furniture depository. It used to hang at the end of the passage in Onslow Square. On one occasion a friend complained to his wife that "Charles had looked straight through her as she came up the stairs, and had not answered her, when she had spoken." It was this picture that she had addressed.

Herkomer's great picture of the "Hanging Committee" had this same stereoscopic effect, and so have many of Frank Hall's. It is present in the notable vividness of Lord Yarborough's black horse Master Oliver (Fig. 4) and to a greater degree in Lord



6.—THE CARRIAGE OF THE MASTER OF THE HORSE, PUTTING TO. 1876. The Earl of Bradford

LONDON HOUSE

A HALL OF RESIDENCE FOR DOMINION STUDENTS IN LONDON

Founded by the Dominion Students' Hall Trust in 1930, the building in Bloomsbury is designed by Sir Herbert Baker and was half finished before the war. Its early completion will be both a fitting memorial and a valuable asset to the working unity of the Commonwealth.

By

CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY

IN these historic days of 1945, when the people of the British Empire are rejoicing in their victorious fellowship, it is timely to draw attention to a notable institution recently brought into being to serve the working needs of that fellowship. The end of the war in Europe allows, indeed directs, Englishmen to turn their thoughts towards the tasks of peace, among the first of which must be to repay in some measure the immeasurable debt owed to the young men of the Dominions who in their hundreds of thousands quitted home and career for five years and more to sustain the Anglo-Saxon ideal of civilisation.

The completion of London



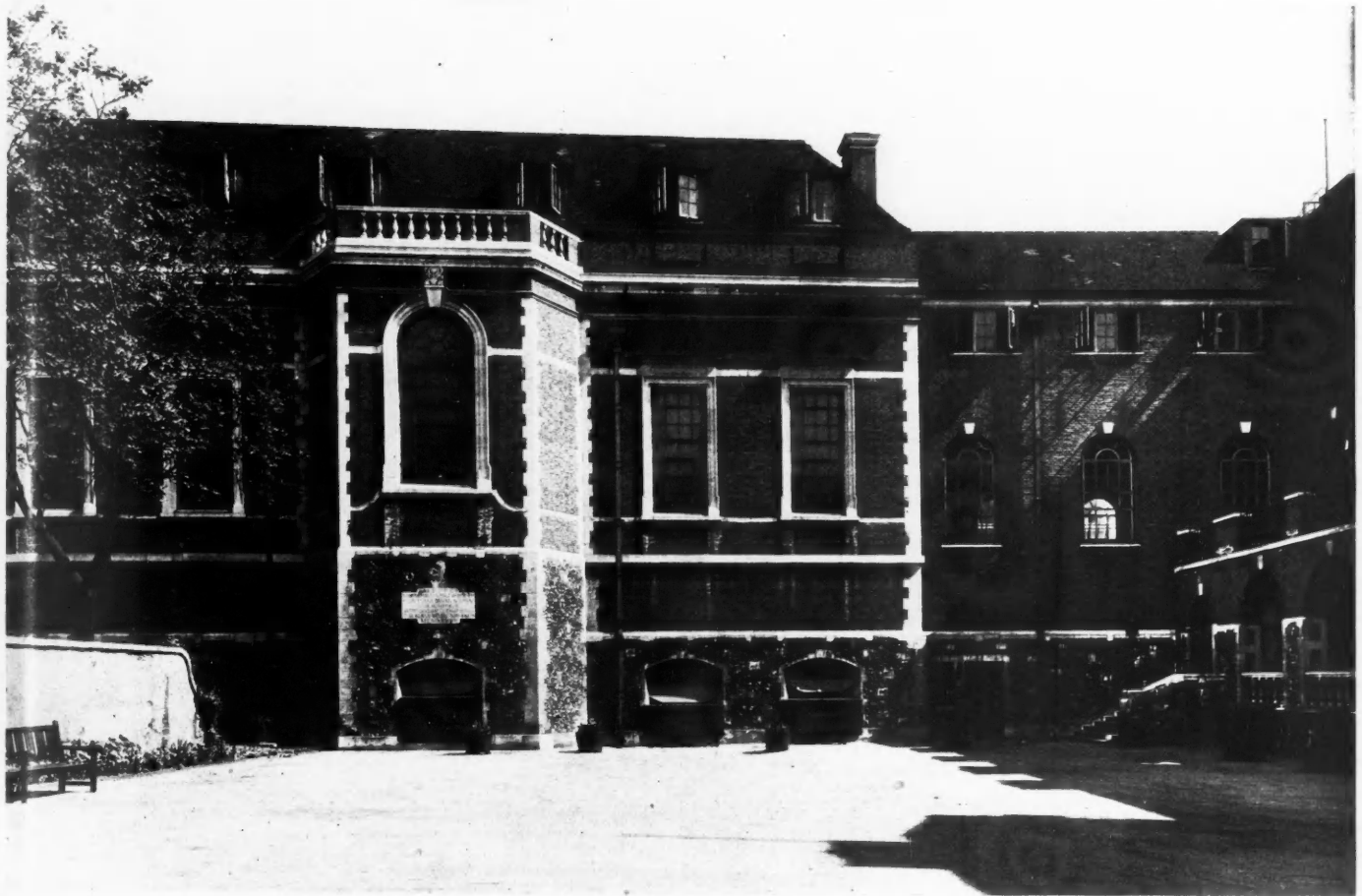
1.—THE OUTSIDE OF THE HALL AND SIDE TO DOUGHTY STREET



2.—ENTRANCE TO THE QUADRANGLE FROM GUILFORD STREET

House, founded fifteen years ago as a communal residence for Dominion students working in England, would be an appropriate way of fulfilling a part of this happy duty; for it can provide a home where it is needed—and where the shortage of accommodation will for years be acute—for some at least of those same young men who, their arms laid aside, are making the repair of civilisation their careers, and so repay in kind that which they have given. During the war already 7,000 Dominion officers working in London have lived in that part of London House that is built. When it is finished, there will be accommodation for 250-300. It has proved a happy meeting ground for men from all parts of the Empire who would otherwise have been hard put to find scattered and often indifferent asylum. It is of very obvious importance, as Mr. Vincent Massey has said, that students from the British Empire should be able as far as possible to come to London to pursue their studies, for London is, after all, the cradle and vital centre of our civilisation. As soon as demobilisation begins there will be an urgent demand to enable men to complete their education. If they are unable to obtain what they need, and under conditions that appeal to them, in London or other centres in Great Britain, they will go elsewhere. The potential of inspiring goodwill arising out of the war will dissipate itself in the sands and shallows of peace.

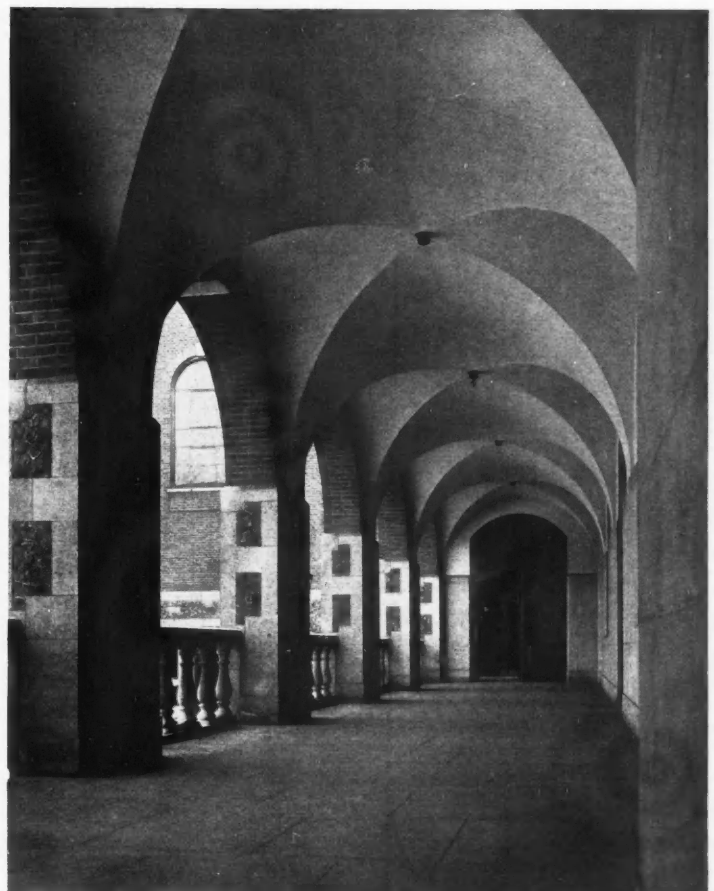
The purpose of London House, a Hall of Residence, is essentially the same as that of those old Halls, the origin of so many Oxford and Cambridge colleges, which were brought into being around the old Universities in the Middle Ages—to which we owe the solid foundations of so much that is good in our civilisation. The island site, bounded by Guilford Street, Doughty Street, Mecklenburg Square and Mecklenburg Place, adjoins the former site of the Foundling Hospital, so is near the British Museum, the Inns of Court, and London University with its specialised schools. But it is not directly affiliated to the University in any way, although many of its men would doubtless work there while others would use it as a base when working further afield. Nor will it compete with but rather supplement Rhodes House at Oxford, some of whose scholars may make use of London House. The quadrangle, dining-hall, common rooms, and library offer those communal opportunities for informal discussions,



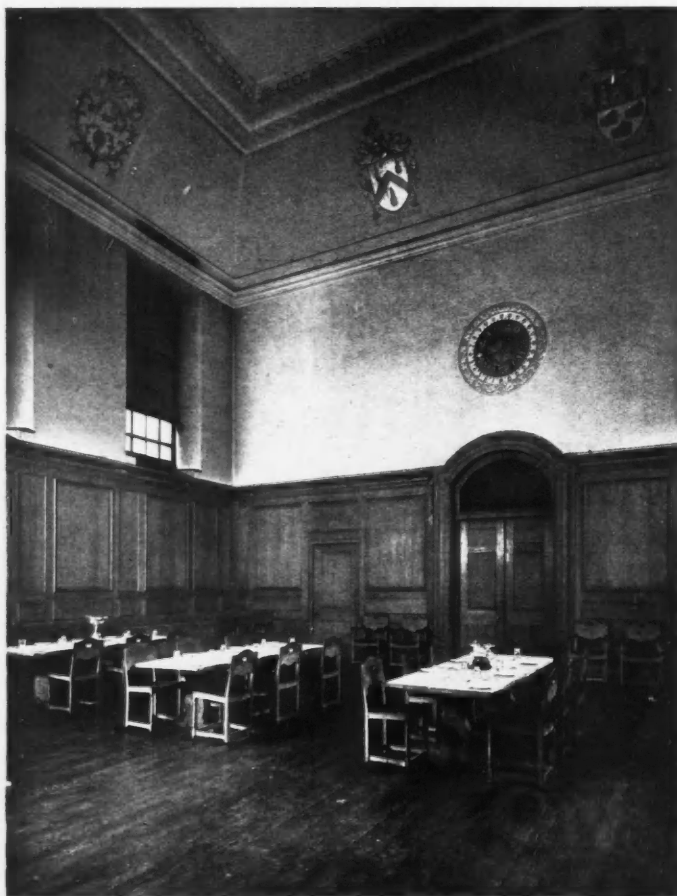
3.—THE HALL, IN THE UNFINISHED QUADRANGLE



4.—THE ENTRANCE GATEWAY



5.—THE CLOISTER, FROM GATEWAY TO HALL VESTIBULE



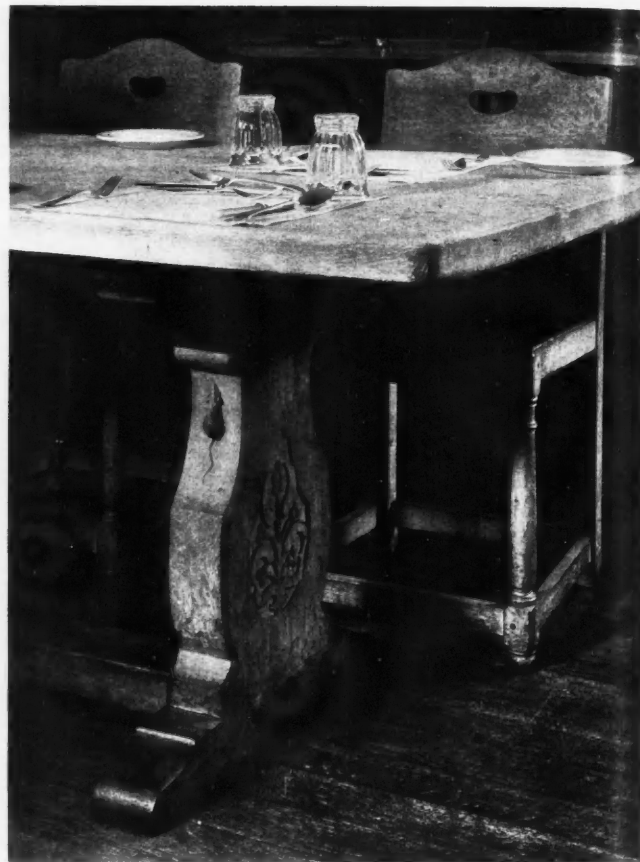
6.—THE HALL



7.—THE STAIRCASE TO THE HALL AND (right) TO THE PARSONS LIBRARY

mixed contacts, and exchange of ideas which are the essence of a liberal education. And under the same roof will be the headquarters of the Nuffield Foundation, one of the purposes of which is to help Empire students studying medicine and the sciences.

The linking in this way of these two complementary institutions is an outcome of a donation of £225,000 made by the Nuffield Foundation towards the £725,000 required to complete the building. This was recently announced by Sir William Goodenough at the Mansion House luncheon held to initiate the second stage of building. Sir William's father, the late Mr. F. C. Goodenough, was the moving spirit in founding the Dominion Students' Hall Trust in 1930 and in raising by private appeal the £300,000 needed to buy the present site and now expended. It enabled the Governors of the Trust to purchase the site, to adapt some old houses



8.—CLOSE-UP OF A HALL-TABLE, SHOWING CARVING AND MASSIVE CONSTRUCTION

on and near it for the use of the first students, and carry the building to its half-way stage. One of the most valuable contributions was the library of Sir Charles Parsons, consisting of scientific and engineering works, which, with the fine room containing it, has become an important adjunct of London House.

The portion completed consists in the east and half the south sides of the quadrangle. In the latter is the entrance from Guilford Street (Fig. 2), the Common Room, with the Parsons Library above it at the corner of Doughty Street, and the Hall, with the vestibule, staircase, and kitchen forming the greater part of the east side (Fig. 1). The style of the elevations is Sir Herbert Baker's modern version of English tradition, which brings together elements and memories of many phases in our architectural history, combining them by an over-all feeling for texture and making the whole an honest expression of the purpose and plan of the building. Sufficient of the building exists to prove that it will have a thoroughly homely atmosphere and, in spite of its occupying an entire block, will not overwhelm its Georgian domestic neighbours (such of them as are not already destroyed or doomed to demolition). This quality of modesty is achieved by suppressing any suggestion of the monumental, and by breaking the street façades into distinct but related sections. The flint facing to the basement storey carries the mind back beyond Georgian Bloomsbury to England's mediæval foundations, while the fine brickwork and

generous windows are typical of the renaissance union of the arts and sciences. A delightful feature of the gateway and quadrangle is the cloister arcades (Figs. 4 and 5) of which the strong simple design brings in a suggestion of old Colonial *stoeps*. This eclecticism produces a retrospective effect, in which allusive charm and homely dignity are the dominating impressions rather than that conviction of inevitability that is found in great architecture of any style. But for the purpose required it may well be the most appropriate treatment.

The main features of the quadrangle will be the front of the hall (Fig. 3) centred on the arched bay window, and the cloister along the south side. The completed section of this leads past the administrative offices to the vestibule containing the wide ascent to the Hall and a second flight to the Parsons Library (Fig. 7). The Hall has the spacious dignity yet homeliness required in this connection, oak panelled and with trestle tables made by Mr. Robert Thompson, of Kilburn,



10.—UPPER PART OF THE PARSONS LIBRARY BLOCK



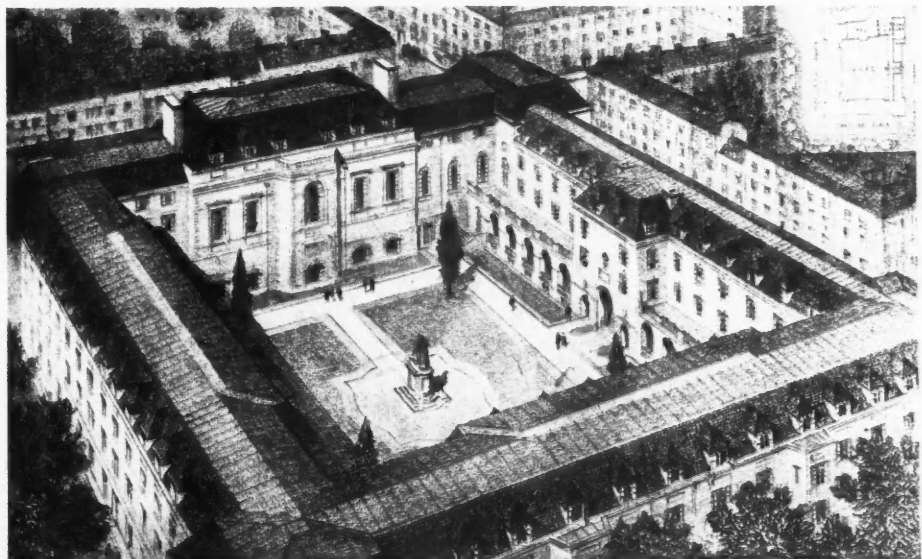
9.—A TYPICAL RESIDENTIAL ROOM



11.—THE PARSONS LIBRARY

Yorkshire. Over the entrance is, appropriately, an Empire clock telling the time for all parts of the British world. In the cove of the ceiling are the symbols of the nations of the British Commonwealth and the arms of the Goodenough and Evans Bevan families responsible for the building of the hall. The Parsons Library (Fig. 11), with a side door opening on to the veranda above the cloister, is a room inviting reflection and study; while the Common Room below it at the foot of the hall steps has all the attributes of a comfortable club-room. Residential rooms on the three upper storeys consist in a bed-sitting-room or sitting-room and small bedroom (Fig. 9). Plainly yet pleasantly furnished, with running water and ample cupboard and book space, they overlook the quadrangle, and provide enviable quarters for a young man in the heart of London. The two sides of the quadrangle still to be built will add some 200 such rooms, though one or two additional Common and Entertainment Rooms are envisaged, and the headquarters of the Nuffield Foundation will presumably be accommodated in them.

Altogether, none will but echo the words of Field-Marshal Smuts: "Let London House become a monument to our Brothers-in-arms and a symbol and centre for continued brotherhood in peace. I cannot conceive a more appropriate memorial or one more welcome to the future generations of young men."



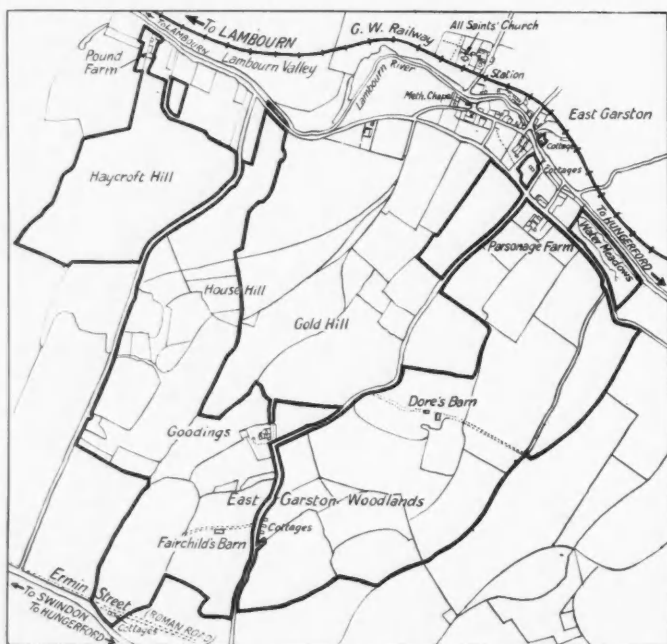
12.—BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE COMPLETE DESIGN
The Hall (left centre) and gateway (right centre)

PROGRESS AT GOODINGS

AS every farmer knows, Nature has its own law of compensation. Sometimes it takes a long time to level up its accounts, but in the end, in this country at any rate, what it takes away with one hand it usually hands back with the other. We have had several instances of this lately at Goodings, the COUNTRY LIFE estate in the Lambourn Valley, Berkshire. Last year, to mention a familiar one, we had a remarkable run of heifer calves. This year we have had practically nothing but bulls, and it looks as if the numbers will soon be equal again. Since March of five calves born four were bulls. We sold three of them for veal, and have kept the fourth, a pedigree animal, for rearing.

Fortunately this law of averages does not apply to milk yields: in that field careful husbandry gets an increasing reward. Our own herd's yield is still far short of what it might be, but it is improving and should continue to improve. In February, for instance, it was 1,709 gallons from 34 cows, in March 1,743 gallons (32 cows) and in April 1,963 gallons (33 cows). A year ago the comparative figures were: February 977 (21), March 983 (21), April 1,319 (25). To-day, of course, some of the cows are older and naturally yield more, but taking everything into account the figures are not unsatisfactory. One difficulty we have had to contend with is the shortage of labour. Cows dislike new faces almost as much as they dislike new food, and owing to circumstances beyond our control they have had to face both in recent months. But for these factors the yields might well have been higher.

At the moment 16 of our 41 cows are dry, and more will be drying up until September, when they will start calving for our Winter milk supply. In September, too, we hope to see the first progeny of our young bull, Lockinge Cardinal, who has been running for some months with fifteen stirks. The other day, by the way, we found him limping with a big lump on his shoulder. There was no evidence how he had hurt himself, but he had evidently had a nasty jolt. We kept him indoors for a week or two and blistered the swelling, and now he is almost his old lively self again. The young stock are looking well after their wintering-out, and lost their coats early.



PLAN OF GOODINGS



SOME OF OUR YOUNG STOCK AT PARSONAGE FARM

Here is another illustration of the law of compensation. Last year, owing to drought, grass was poor in most parts of the country, and the hay crop was a lamentable failure. This year there is plenty of grass, and all we want now is a dry spell in which to cut and cart it. We cut nine acres of lucerne on May 25 intending to make it into hay, but were caught out by the weather and have had to put it into a silage rick instead. It will not make good silage because it is not green enough and will not ferment as it should, but it was that or nothing. It had to go into a rick because we shall need the silo for our oats, peas and vetches later on.

Another compensation for last year's hay shortage was this year's unusually mild Spring. We were able to get our cows out as early as March 25 and so save what little hay we had. We started the Winter with 30 tons and finished with one ton, which we are keeping for the young calves.

Our favourable grass position is due largely to reseedling. Early in March last year we drilled a field of seven acres without a cover crop, and a month later another field of 20 acres was sown with a nurse crop of dredge corn. These two fields have kept the herd going, and so far they have not been able to keep the grass down. On the other hand the old permanent pastures, despite the favourable weather, are not showing half as much grass.

Now we come to the flea beetle, and here the argument about compensation, I admit, begins to look a little complicated. We sowed our kale early this year—on March 21—to escape the greedy little pest. By the time the kale was showing on April 1 the weather had turned warm and sunny, and the flea beetle was soon showing too. We tried to save the crop by a heavy application of ground chalk, but the plant was bitten so badly that we decided to sow again. As many other farmers in the district had had the same experience we had to wait for the seed. In the meantime the weather had changed again, and a combination of rain, cold winds

and basic slag gave the beetle so much to think about that he has left the second crop severely alone, and it is now all we could wish for.

The sunny Spring that gave the cattle their early bite brought another complication with it. On April 14 we put in 14,000 drumhead cabbage plants for the cows. To do the job quickly and cheaply we ploughed them in every third furrow, to keep them clean later with the horse-hoe. Then we consolidated with the heavy roller. In the meantime the soil had become so dry that it was cracking open, and in spite of two days' watering by hand we lost a lot of the plants. Fortunately the rain was not long in coming, and thanks to that and a liberal dressing of nitrate of soda the crop is now going ahead and will make a good feed next Winter.

Even that is not the end of the compensation story. On the one hand there are more rabbits about this year than we have ever seen since the war, in spite of our efforts to keep them down. On the other hand the mild Spring, with much rain later, gave the crops such a good start that the rabbits can't damage them as much as they would like to. Yes: it all looks as if the celestial accountant who presides over Goodings has his own sense of humour.

In upland farms like ours the soil is not rich enough to stand much overcropping, and it must be confessed that after nearly six years of war some of our fields, like some of our politicians, are beginning to show signs of strain. You can see it in the time it takes the crops to grow, in their colour at different stages, and in other ways. They need more fertilisers, and sooner or later we shall have to adopt a policy of longer leys.

Taking this factor into account—and of course it is common to all farms in greater or lesser degree—and the ups and downs of the weather so far, all our crops are looking reasonably well. The rainy spell has caused some mildew in the wheat—that again is common to the district—and may cause us a little trouble of another kind. The young grasses sown with the Spring corn are so forward that we may have difficulty in drying the sheaves, especially the oats and barley, at harvest time. In other words, so much grass will be cut with the sheaves that they will have to be left longer to dry on the ground to dry the bottoms before they are stooked up. On the other hand the barley looks good and all our root crops are doing well. We planted four acres of potatoes on April 19 on land which had been dressed with three tons of lime to the acre, and we expect a good crop from them. We are trying nine acres of the Canadian variety of linseed, Royal, again this year. We did well with it last time, but it is too early to say yet whether last year's success will be repeated.

Twenty-five acres of Winter oats, S147,

planted from our own seed, were out in head three weeks ago, and look very healthy. Last year we had a yield of 19 sacks to the acre, and this year we expect to do even better. The crop is undersown with 10 lb. per acre of trefoil to plough in as green manure after the oats are cut, as this is the third straw crop running on the same field. This Autumn, subject to the W.A.E.C.'s consent, we hope to sow ryegrass and rape on the stubble to provide sheep or cattle feed for next Spring, and thus put some fertility back into the soil. This we shall follow with a bastard fallow.

I have referred more than once in these notes to a field at the top of the hill, near Goodings House, which has given us a lot of

trouble. It is infested with wireworm and although we have ploughed in more than one crop it has never given us a satisfactory return. This year we think we have done the trick with a flax crop undersown with grass. We mixed the seed on the barn floor and sowed it both ways in the hope that the pulling machine would not uproot the grass with the fibre. Three weeks ago most of the flax had already topped the standard 24 inches, and it is now practically ready for pulling. It will be interesting to see how the experiment works.

Every field on the farm now has its own piped water supply, as well as Dore's Barn.

The contractors worked at the rate of 30 chains a day, which was good going in view of the fact that so much of our soil is flinty clay. They had two breakdowns owing to the difficulty of the ground, but finished the job in less than three weeks. We shall not install all the troughs, however, until after the harvest.

To save labour we tried the experiment of filling in the excavations with a metal snow-plough of the bulldozer type, going up one side and down the other. It was very successful on the grass land, where we were able to cover 20 chains in half an hour, but on the soft corn land we found that it tore the corn out and we had to finish the job by hand.

F. W.

THE OAKS AND THE DERBY WINNERS

It seems peculiarly odd that, though the race for the Oaks originated with an earlier Lord Derby, who named it after a beer-house that either he or one of his near relatives owned in the vicinity of Epsom in the year 1779, it, or its annual celebration, has since then seen the Derby colours successful only upon five occasions. When Bridget won in the inaugural year—twelve months prior to the first Derby—the Derby livery was "green and white stripes," and it was not until 1794 that the now familiar "black and white cap" was carried first past the post. Then the carrier was Hermione who, with S. Arnall in the saddle, beat seven others. Between then and now, Canterbury Pilgrim, Keystone II, Toboggan, and now Sun Stream have been the only winners in these famous colours.

Time alone can tell whether Sun Stream will leave a name worthy to rank with that of, say, either Keystone II or Canterbury Pilgrim. Here it must just suffice to say that she won her recent race like a very good filly indeed.

Too small and altogether too lightly built to be really prepossessing, she is, nevertheless, a well-made varminty sort that gets right down to her work and, furthermore, gets on with it. The Derby and St. Leger winner Hyperion is her sire, while her dam Drift is a daughter of the St. Leger winner Swynford and is the dam also of Fairhaven and of the One Thousand Guineas winner Tide-way, whose son Gulf Stream (by Hyperion) is already "whispered" as the Derby winner of 1946. Some critics made her out to be lucky to beat Naishapur—a daughter of Nearco that was bred and is owned by the Aga Khan and comes from the Oaks winner Udaipur—but as I read the race, she—or rather her rider Harry Wragg—had plenty in reserve and could have pulled out more if that had been necessary. She ran and won a great race and as such deserves every credit. There were no "ifs" or "buts" about her performance and when the time arrives for a consideration of the last "substitute" St. Leger she will have to be taken into very serious account. Honour is here given where honour is due. Sun Stream is, without a doubt, the best filly of her age; maybe she will prove to be both the best of her sex and the best of her age.

To some it may seem extraordinary to write that the ready victory of the favourite Dante in the Derby came as a surprise. For all that, to the great majority of students of bloodstock breeding it did, the more so as Court Martial—who was admitted by his owner (Lord Astor) to be of doubtful stamina—was in such close attendance and finished third, with Lord Rosebery's Midas intervening. In no way is there any intention of depreciating his victory. A grand horse of just over sixteen hands high and put down in the pink of condition by his trainer Mathew Peacock of Middleham, he was, admittedly, the "star-turn" of those on view in the paddock while, in the actual race, he had the race in hand from the very moment the field came into view. Then he was running on a wide outside but that made no difference and the two lengths which was the official verdict of the judge could have been made into ten

had it been necessary. Probably the easiest Derby winner in the last twenty years that does not, necessarily, mean that he is the best and it is justifiable just to wonder if when he won he was not the best of a very poor lot of three-year-old colts.

Stamina in the racehorse is, at the moment, at a premium. Dante's win further advertising, as it does, the Phalaris line, which is mainly responsible for the depreciation in staying-power of the British thoroughbred, was in a way—and from the breeding point of view—an unsatisfactory episode. For all that Sir Eric Ohlson is to be congratulated upon winning his first Derby with the first horse he has ever run in it, and the first racehorse he has ever bred, while Lord Rosebery can be commiserated with on the fact that Midas was not quite at his best and so could not repeat the victory of Ocean Swell, and Lord Astor will be the recipient of much sympathy on the failure of Court Martial, which now makes his Derby record read, five

seconds and two thirds but never yet a winner. The irony of fate that a man who has been breeding horses all his life, with the idea of one day breeding a Derby winner, should be beaten by a comparative newcomer to the sport with the first horse he ever bred and that one which was being carried by his dam when Sir Eric gave 3,500gs. for her (Rosy Legend) at the late Lord Furness's death sale.

At that this Oaks and Derby story must conclude. As a Victory celebration the meeting was a huge success, honoured as it was by the presence of H.M. the King, H.M. the Queen and Princess Elizabeth. In every way it was a fitting finale to the war-time substitute races which have been run for over the July Course at Newmarket. Thanks to Mr. Marriott and his staff it has proved a real friend in the time of need, but that it cannot accommodate a Derby crowd in comfort must be obvious to all who attended.

ROYSTON.



R. Anscomb

THE OAKS WINNER, SUN STREAM: THE BEST FILLY OF HER AGE

FATE OF THE PASSENGER-PIGEON

By FRANK W. LANE

DURING its prime the passenger-pigeon occurred in probably greater numbers than any other land bird the world has known. It ranged North America from the Atlantic seaboard to the Rocky Mountains and from the Mackenzie district in Canada to the Gulf of Mexico, in the greatest flocks of birds ever seen. Yet the last passenger-

bird, Alexander Wilson, calculated the number in a flock which passed him. He says the birds reached as far as the eye could see to both right and left. He therefore put the breadth at a mile, although he believed it was much more.

The flock took four hours to pass him and he assumed that the birds were flying at 60 miles an hour. (There is independent evidence that passenger-pigeons could fly at this speed.) The length, therefore, of this flock was 240 miles. Wilson allowed three birds to each square yard, but as the flock was several strata deep there were probably many more than this.

Wilson thus calculated that this flock contained 2,230,272,000 pigeons. Audubon saw another flight and estimated that 1,115,136,000 birds passed over and around him in three hours. In view of such numbers it is understandable that some of the early settlers, after witnessing the passing of a flock, thought that it contained all the pigeons in America!

If such figures are accepted—and it seems reasonable to assume that they are correct in order of magnitude—then it means that in either of these two flocks there were several times the total number of land birds in the British Isles at the present time. It is obviously impossible to give anything but a very approximate figure for this number, but it does not appear to be in excess of 200 million.

If half a pound is allowed for each bird then the weight of Wilson's flock was about half a million tons. Wilson computed that they would eat some seventeen million bushels of food a day. Such a quantity of food is far greater in bulk than that required for a day's ration for all the soldiers under arms in the world to-day!

It may naturally be wondered what happened when one of these flocks alighted. Here is a description, by Peter Kalm, writing of a flock he saw in 1740 in Pennsylvania.

Their number, while in flight, extended three or four English miles in length and more than one such mile in breadth, and they flew so closely together that the sky and the sun were obscured by them, the daylight becoming sensibly diminished by their shadow.

The big as well as the little trees in the woods, sometimes covering a distance of seven miles, became so filled with them that hardly a twig or branch could be seen which they did not cover; on the thicker branches they had piled themselves up one above another's backs, quite about a yard high.

When they alighted on the trees their weight was so heavy that not only big limbs and branches

of the size of a man's thigh were broken straight off, but less firmly rooted trees broke down completely under the load. The ground below the trees where they had spent the night was entirely covered with their dung, which lay in great heaps.

The pigeons were killed by the Indians and later by the European settlers. It is easy to understand why the farmers killed them. One witness says he has seen shocks of grain so covered with pigeons that you could see nothing else!

The birds were good eating and pigeon pie was a celebrated dish in former days. The feathers were used to stuff pillows and mattresses. The birds' gizzards were also used sometimes for medicinal purposes. According to an old recipe: "The gizzards dried and powdered were steeped and taken, an old-fashioned but reliable cure for vomiting stomach."

But the wholesale slaughter of the pigeons, which was the chief cause of their extermination, does not appear to have reached its climax until about the middle of the nineteenth century. By then the pigeons had become a commercially valuable asset.

To anyone with regard for wildlife the accounts of the orgies of pigeon slaughter make sickening reading. There was, of course, no close season; legislation came only when it was too late to save the species.

Pigeons were shot with every weapon available. Bows and arrows, pistols, guns and rifles of every type, date and calibre, swivel-guns, and even cannon loaded with grape were fired into the dense masses as they flew over the land. Occasionally the birds flew low and then they were sometimes knocked out of the air with poles, sticks, clubs and even oars. Birds were netted in countless thousands and were later used for trap-shooting. They were snared, baited and trapped; at night their roosts were attacked with burning sulphur, torches of pine knots and long poles; wherever the birds were found they were killed by every means possible.

But the worst feature was the slaughter of the squabs. A group of men would invade one of the great nesting areas and chop down nest-laden trees. Care was taken to see that a tree was cut in such a way that it would crash into other trees as it fell and either knock them down or at least bring down some of the nests. Two hundred squabs were sometimes gathered from a single tree.

Sometimes farmers would drive hundreds of pigs to a nesting site that was being attacked



PART OF THE PASSENGER-PIGEON GROUP IN THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, NEW YORK

pigeon died in the Cincinnati Zoo in September, 1914.

There are many accounts of the flights and they agree closely enough to make us realise that there is no parallel to them to-day. Here is an account of a flight in the middle of the nineteenth century, when the numbers of the pigeons were already considerably reduced. It was written by W. Ross King and is taken from his book *The Sportsman and Naturalist in Canada* published in 1866:

Early in the morning I was apprised by my servant that an extraordinary flock of birds was passing over, such as he had never seen before. Hurrying out and ascending the grassy ramparts, I was perfectly amazed to behold the air filled, the sun obscured by millions of pigeons, not hovering about but darting onwards in a straight line with arrowy flight, in a vast mass a mile or more in breadth, and stretching before and behind as far as the eye could reach.

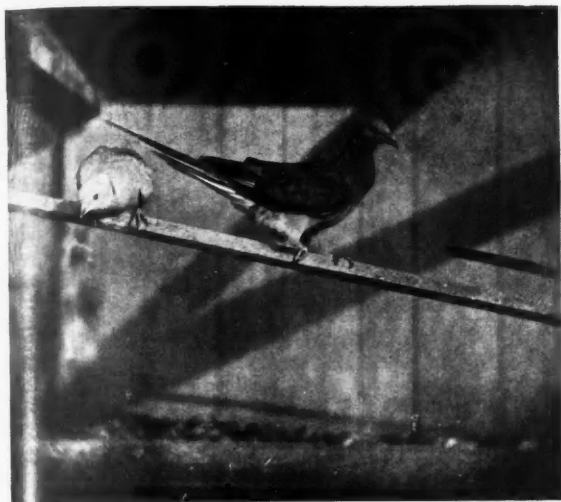
Swiftly and steadily the column passed over with a rushing sound, and for hours continued in undiminished myriads advancing over the American forests in the eastern horizon, as the myriads that had passed were lost in the western sky. It was late in the afternoon before any decrease in the mass was perceptible, but they became gradually less dense as the day drew to a close. At sunset the detached flocks bringing up the rear began to settle in the forest on the Lake-road, and in such numbers as to break down branches from the trees. The duration of this flight being about fourteen hours the column (allowing a probable velocity of 60 miles an hour, as assumed by Wilson), could not have been less than 300 miles in length, with an average breadth of one mile.

Audubon, writing about 20 years earlier, says of a flight:

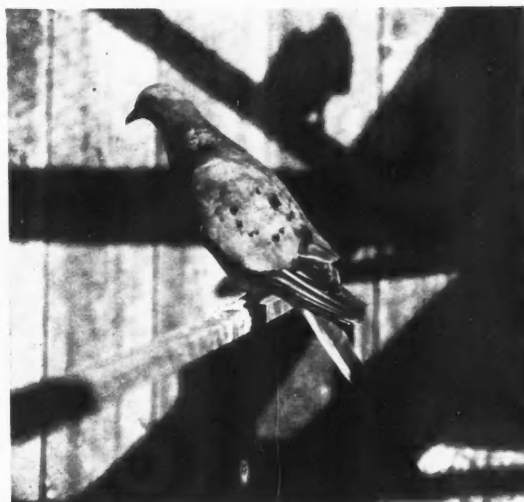
The air was literally filled with pigeons; the light of noon-day was obscured as by an eclipse, the dung fell in spots not unlike melting flakes of snow, and the continued buzz of wings had a tendency to lull my senses to repose. [At sunset] The pigeons were still passing in undiminished numbers and continued to do so for three days in succession.



ANOTHER EXHIBIT IN THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY



PASSENGER-PIGEONS FROM THE AVIARY OF CHARLES O. WHITMAN



and let them fatten on the pigeons and squabs which were left on the ground.

It has been estimated that during the boom period there were 5,000 men in the United States whose sole business was the pursuit of the passenger-pigeon. These pigeoners, as they were called, made anything from £2 10s. to £10 a day during the breeding season, which lasted from March to July.

These men had perfected the art of netting the pigeons. They baited a small area, and a net of about six feet wide and 20 to 30 feet long was put into position. By this means it was not at all unusual for one man to capture a thousand birds in a day. Larger numbers were frequently taken and there is a record of one trapper who delivered twenty-four thousand pigeons in ten days.

Prof. H. B. Roney says a double net has been known to catch 1,332 pigeons at a single throw. At salt licks, of which the pigeons were very fond, five thousand birds were sometimes caught in a single day by one net.

The records of the firms dealing in pigeons, alive and dead, give further evidence on the numbers that were taken. The official figures of the number of pigeons shipped from the great Petoskey nesting of 1878 was 1,107,866. To this number must be added nearly half a million more to account for the birds distributed locally.

The causes which led to the disappearance of this, the most prolific species of land bird in the world, make an interesting study as well as providing a valuable object lesson for all conservationists. Miss Margaret H. Mitchell, who has made an exhaustive study of the history of the bird, points out that it died out with relative suddenness, although not as suddenly as some of the old-time pigeoners believed—for example "went out like dynamite."

In 1880 flocks of considerable size were still occasionally reported, although they were, of course, not comparable to the vast hosts seen a few decades earlier. But in 1900 the species was, for all practical purposes, extinct.

The reason for such rapid extinction appears to be this. For each animal there seems to be a minimum number below which the species cannot continue to exist. No one appears to have given a satisfactory explanation of why such a result should follow serious numerical reduction, but it is almost as if the species as a whole lost its will to live.

On this point Charles W. Townsend says: A bird accustomed for ages to living together in large numbers and close ranks, whether in feeding, migrating, roosting, or nesting, might find it impossible to continue satisfactorily these functions with greatly reduced and scattered ranks. It is probably no mere figure of speech to say that under these circumstances such a communistic bird would "lose heart," nor is it fanciful to suppose that sterility might in consequence affect the remnants.

Although there may be some mystery about the final disappearance of the passenger-pigeon there is no difficulty in finding reasons why its numbers fell below the danger-line. But it is of interest to glance at some of the fanciful reasons advanced for its decline and fall.

One theory was that the birds were all drowned, various waters being suggested as their grave, from the Gulf of Mexico to the Atlantic Ocean. Thousands of the birds were drowned each year while crossing the Great Lakes but this never occurred in sufficient numbers appreciably to affect the species as a whole. Some people said that the birds, presumably to escape the incessant persecution, migrated to South America or even to Australia. Another theory was that they flew to the North Pole and were there frozen to death.

To anyone who reads the history of the passenger-pigeon the causes which led to its decline are all too obvious. Millions of

the birds were killed each year by man and Nature, and the constant harrying of the nesting areas and massacre of the squabs prevented adequate replacements.

The never-ending persecution and the clearing of the forests in which the birds bred and fed drove them farther and farther north away from the haunts of men. Here conditions were less favourable for breeding and each generation of birds became less resistant to conditions which were already more severe than former generations had known. Snow and ice during some of the nesting seasons towards the end of the century probably hastened the then inevitable end.

BEASTLY FLUKE A Golf Commentary by BERNARD DARWIN

BEASTLY is the traditional or at any rate the polite epithet for it, but what precisely is a fluke? The *Shorter Oxford Dictionary* tells me that it is a "lucky accidental stroke" and further that its "etym" is "dub" and that it was first used of billiards. That is all right as far as it goes, but it hardly covers the whole ground. In billiards I take it that a fluke primarily consists in trying to do one thing and doing quite another. When I play that beautiful game, which is seldom, it is my most prolific and indeed almost my only method of scoring. Incidentally Mr. Mardon, who was so pleased with himself for running out with something over 30 unfinished against a certain Mr. Porker that he wrote a whole book about the game in the year 1858—Mr. Mardon, I say, would not sully his gentlemanly pen with the word "fluke" but called it a "chance hazard."

However this article is about golf, not billiards, and a golfing fluke seems to be of a rather different character, namely the attaining of the intended object in a wholly unintentional manner. If, for example, my opponent—for it is always one's opponent—is faced by a cross-bunker beyond which is the green, and tops his ball hard along the ground, it is of no manner of use his telling me that he meant to play the shot in that manner. He stands palpably and shamefully convicted of a fluke. His object was doubtless to lay the ball dead but by pitching and not by running and jumping.

That which has started me on this line of enquiry is the feat lately "revealed" of an unknown German airman in 1940. In September of that year a bomb fell on the roof of the Print Room at the British Museum, made a hole through it some two or three feet square, made another and corresponding hole through the floor and ultimately came to rest without exploding. Five days afterwards another bomb, dropped through those very same two holes and also, mercifully, failed to explode. Now was the second airman guilty of a fluke? If he says that he intended that exact shot we should feel compelled, quite apart from any question of fraternising, to call him a

liar and a fluker too. But supposing he says that his object was to hit the British Museum and that he accomplished it, with perhaps a trifle of luck thrown in, can we then accuse him of fluking?

I hardly think we can. I remember that some years ago in America Gene Sarazen won a big tournament by a single shot and that in the course of one of his four rounds he holed a full brassie shot of some 250 yards. In loose and inaccurate language that might be called a fluke. It was unquestionably, to go back to our Dictionary, a "lucky" shot, but it was not an "accidental" one. Sarazen hit the absolutely perfect brassie shot. His ideal, though it may not have been definitely present in his mind, was to hole it and this he achieved. The green to him was as the British Museum to that airman and both shot better than they knew.

I have fluked myself in my time and it is surely the sign of a beautiful nature that I remember at any rate one fluke of my own more vividly than any outrage perpetrated against me by my opponents in the course of sixty years. The scene was the sixteenth hole at Woking, the short hole, as many people know, across the pond. A thirty-six hole foursome was in a comparatively crucial position. We were one up, but our enemies, having the honour, were well placed upon the green. My ball, if not hit hard upon the head, was as nearly topped as makes no matter, let us call it four-fifths topped; it ducked and draked twice across the water, ran across the green full of life and ended some four feet from the hole. My good partner was not overwhelmed by any feeling of vicarious shame; he holed the putt for two to make us dormy and we won the match at the next hole.

That was a lucky, accidental two but it was as nothing compared with a two once achieved by a friend of mine at the first hole at Prestwick, which I may have mentioned before. He had been up very late the night before and was feeling far from well when he started out on his medal round. His tee shot was sliced over the wall and the ball rebounded off the metals of the railway line and returned to the fairway. His second was likewise sliced and

this time the ball did better still; it not merely rebounded on to the green but into the hole. Then, thinking like the gentleman in the *Lays of Ancient Rome*, that "the gods who live for ever were on his side that day," he pulled himself together and went on to win the medal.

If anybody can think of a greater fluke—and a double one at that—he is welcome to his opinion, but I shall take some convincing. I have been looking in the pages of my trusty friend the *Golfer's Handbook*, and I am bound to admit there are some great flukes to be found there. One of them is to the credit of an old opponent of mine, Mr. J. E. Mellor, playing in the London Club Foursome Tournament. His adversaries having the honour at the eighth hole at Sunningdale put their ball into the bunker. Mr. Mellor, scorning to take advantage of the mistake, put his ball into the same bunker. The ball, however, was less scrupulous, for it pitched on the top of the enemy ball and bounced from it on to the green, with a resulting

win in three. For pure irritation to the enemy I can hardly think of a better fluke than that. It was essentially one of those in which denial would be wholly vain. On the other hand there are flukes in regard to which the player, if he keep a straight face and give no sign of surprise, may get away with it. This is particularly the case when there is no hazard between the player and the green. The intended pitch that turns into a run-up may possibly escape detection from the unobservant if the player can only hide the tell-tale mashie-niblick in his bag on the instant. And now and again in such a case the accusation of fluking is undeserved. I once upon a time played, though I say it, a really good run-up shot to the old Royal hole at Hoylake. It was in a fierce match in the Championship against that fine American golfer Mr. Fred Wright, and I consummated the shot by holing the putt for three. An American spectator, taking a naturally jaundiced view of the stroke, declared loudly that I had topped it. My old friend Mr. Allan Powell loyally espoused my

side and the two nearly came to blows over the argument.

The more distinguished the golfer, of course, the less is he likely to be accused of fluking. I once saw a very distinguished professional indeed play a shot to the seventeenth green at St. Andrews which looked just about the best that ever had been played. It was a spoon shot; the ball seemed making for the Road bunker and then turning slightly to the right deftly climbed the grassy bank and finished quite near the hole. I rather think, moreover, that he holed the putt for three. It was apparently perfect; everyone was in ecstasies, and yet, if the whole truth be known, I believe the great man was playing to lie to the left of the Road bunker and imparted a little cut to the ball which brought it round too soon. I may be wrong and it seems churlish to "debunk" such a shot. At any rate, if it was a fluke it was a fluke of genius. But what a good thing it is for some of us that we don't have to name the shot!

CORRESPONDENCE

ADVERTISING AND TOWN PLANNING

SIR, At the present time a great deal is being said about the planning of the post-war world, and, indeed, how justly; for what could be more important? Evidence is everywhere of what happened after the last war. Badly-planned housing estates have sprung up everywhere around the capital and its suburbs, scars on the landscape, wrought by careless, indiscriminate urbanisation of once beautiful countryside.

With this has come the construction of many new roads, which have been adorned—especially noticeably in more rural districts—with huge and ugly hoardings, not, I think, improving the outlook. In the urban districts every patch of green, however small, which has escaped the hand of the builder is occupied by these blatant eyesores. Railway stations, with their assembly of badly-placed posters offer a wide field for criticism, where posters are plastered at random, abutting on each other with no conception of design. They may be thought out from the sketch pad to the final printing, but no thought, it seems, is given to the positioning of the poster and its surroundings where it will be displayed to the obvious advantage. Surely, this is an important factor. I have, indeed, even seen an assembly of the very same design. I am certain the artist never visualised this in his lay-out, or is it repetition that sells the goods?

There is much that can be done to improve these chaotic conditions. I feel that advertising should be given greater importance, either good publicity or none at all. Visualise a town where thought has been given to good, sound, functional design. There would be no ugly lettering on the shop fronts. Hoardings, where buildings are absent, would be removed or reduced in size; if the former suggestion were adopted, trees and flowers could possibly be substituted—much of the charm of any town is spoiled by the absence of these essentials. In a crowded city the public have ample opportunity of observing posters, and great size is not important. Of course, by roads and railways, size is an all-important factor, where the onlooker is travelling at speed, but the placing of hoardings by roads could be restricted, or even abolished, especially in country districts.

Railway stations, instead of being the eyesores they are now, could be beautified with the placing of good designs. In this case, detail could be added to the lay-outs with plenty of reading matter to humour the weary traveller with an hour to await a

connection. Design a poster for a particular purpose, not any design anywhere as is so often done.—L. EASON (R.A.F.), *Downham Market, Norfolk*.

SPORT IN SYRIA

SIR,—I was much interested in your article *Orontes Trout* by Sir Thomas Russell Pasha in your edition of March 9.

I have been stationed in Syria for the last two years, and, having had an eye for sport during my periods of leave, I can with regret confirm only too well Sir Thomas's fears that the success of the grenade, or gunpowder, now known to the natives, has spoilt for some time, if not for many years, what was, perhaps, the best 20 miles of trout fishing in the Middle East.

Sir Thomas, however, is not entirely correct in his assumption that the *Orontes*, except for spawn introduced into the Safa stream, is the only river containing trout in Syria. In the forest of Kepir near the small but historically famous Armenian village of Kessab on the Turkish frontier, there flows, some 40 miles north of Latakia, a woodland stream from which a friend on many occasions has captured a bag of small but delicious trout. I have reason to believe that investigation of other streams in that area would yield similar dividends. On the other hand, many rivers which in Springtime would suggest a sportsman's paradise either dry up completely by Autumn or become pools of stagnant water, the temperature of which is too high to satisfy the trout. Moreover in order to eliminate malaria, our Army has had to spray many streams with oily liquids, a procedure which will doubtless be continued by the natives, again rendering it harder for fish to survive.—C. C. BOULTON (Capt.), *G2 (C.I.), A.F.H.Q., C.M.F.*

THE FAIRY'S SHOE

SIR,—A fairy's shoe was found about 40 years ago by a Mr. McIlhenny, The Lodge, Marble Hill House, County Donegal, in a forest a short distance from his home. The shoe is about 2½ ins. from the tip of the toe to the end of the heel. It is fairly narrow, and the toe is more or less pointed. The sole is hand-sewn; the heel is high and neatly nailed.

Although it is of diminutive size, it does not give a correct idea to describe it as a doll's shoe. On close examination it gives one the impression of being thoroughly strong, well made and serviceable. The leather is of good quality, dull fawn in colour. The tongue is also of leather, while the lace holes (four, two on either side) are perfectly circular, measuring about

one-sixteenth of an inch across. The weight of the shoe (it is a left shoe) is quite in proportion to its size. The toe-cap is decorated with little holes as on a brogue. A new half-sole has been put on, but the heel is an old one and slightly worn at the outside. The shoe is a little scored on the inside, as if by a thorn or prickly bush. To give you an idea of the width of the shoe I think a woman's second finger would just fit it.

I had intended to get a photograph of it for you, and recently went back to the Marble Strand, and called on Mr. McIlhenny to obtain more information, but, alas, he had given the shoe to his little baby girl, and she had, unfortunately, lost it. Mr. McIlhenny said it could not be very far away, as the baby was only three years old, and never had left the garden, so let us hope that it will presently be found.

There is an account of a similar shoe having been discovered in County Wicklow, but not having seen it I am unable to describe similarities and differences.—MAY WHITE, 10, *Lucerne Parade, Belfast*.

[Readers of Dr. E. OE. Somerville's reminiscences will remember the story of a fairy's shoe very similar in detail to this one. It is still in the possession of Dr. Somerville's family.—ED.]

AN OLD WISTARIA

SIR,—I was much interested in the letter headed *An Old Wistaria* in a recent issue, and I have awaited a reply before writing.

About the year 1906, when I was stationed with my regiment at Colchester, I shot several times with an American gentleman who had either bought or rented Abberton Manor in the neighbourhood. He told me that the house was interesting because it was once owned by Wistaria, who lived there and planted against the house the first wistaria he imported into the country. Incidentally it was not, if my memory serves me aright, a very good specimen. What authority my friend had for what he told me, I cannot say.

There is a very fine specimen, which I have known since a boy and which I saw only a month or so ago, in the front garden of the old Deanery (now the Bishop's house) at Ely. It covers the whole length of two side walls of the garden and measures, I believe, approximately 170 feet or more.—R. M. LUCOCK (Major-General), *Huswig, Belmore Lane, Lymington, Hampshire*.

THE USEFUL GOAT

SIR,—I am astounded to read the letter signed F. M. Montresor (Brigadier) in your issue of June 8.

It should be widely known that

the goat is not an animated mowing machine. Few of our domestic animals will eat down rough and neglected herbage unless compelled to do so by dire hunger and of them all, the goat, which is by nature a browser and not a grazer, is the least suited. Major Jarvis is quite correct in his suggestion that goats do not appreciate rich grass. Some will graze young grass readily, but it must be young, short and sweet. They prefer to browse on woody shrubs, weeds and finer grasses found on moorlands and hillsides.—H. E. JEFFERY, *Secretary, British Goat Society, Roydon, Diss, Norfolk*.

HAWTHORN-EATERS

SIR,—If the contributor who tried to make goats mow his lawn would set them to trim his hawthorn hedges, he would find them most efficient. They nip off every shoot most neatly; they must be moved when they have taken enough, or they are inclined to overdo it.

For lawns, try penning rabbits on them, in some easily-moved pen. Ten little rabbits will mow a square yard in an hour and cut it very close too. If time can be spared to move them at hourly intervals they accomplish quite a big bit in a day!—P. M. JOHNSON, *Hutton Rudby, Yarm, Yorkshire*.

POPE JOAN

From Lady Jerram.

SIR,—I am enclosing the rules for Pope Joan copied from the book *Consult Me*.

The game of Pope Joan is played by a number of people and is somewhat similar to Matrimony.

The eight of diamonds must first be taken from the pack, and after arranging the deal, shuffling, etc., the dealer dresses the board, by putting counters, fish or other stakes—each to ace, king, queen, knave and game, two to Matrimony, two to Intrigue, and six to the nine of diamonds, styled "Pope." This dressing is in some companies at the individual expense of the dealer, though in others the players contribute two stakes each towards the same. The cards are next dealt round equally to each player, one turned up for trump, and about six or eight left in the stock to form stops; as for example, if the ten of spades is turned up, the nine consequently becomes a stop. The four kings and the seven of diamonds are always fixed stops; the dealer is the only person permitted in the course of the game to refer to the stock for information as to what other cards are stops in that respect and deal.

If either ace, king, queen or knave happen to be the turned-up trumps, the dealer takes whatever is deposited on that head; but when Pope is



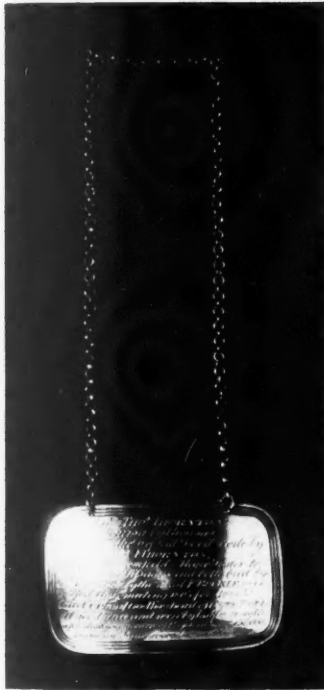
THE TRAVELLING TINKER

See letter: *Vanishing Industries*

turned up, the dealer is entitled to both that and the game, besides a stake for every card dealt to each player.

Unless the game is determined by Pope being turned up, the eldest hand begins by playing out as many cards as possible; first the stops, then Pope, if he has it, and afterwards the lowest cards of his longest suit; particularly an ace, for that can never be led through.

The other players are to follow when they can, to sequence of the same suit, until a stop occurs; and the party having the said stop, thereby becomes the eldest hand, and is to



THE SILVER PLAQUE COMMEMORATING THE FAMOUS RACE WON BY A WOMAN JOCKEY

See letter: *Louisa's Race*

lead accordingly—and so on, until some person parts with all his cards, by which he wins the pool, which is game, and becomes entitled besides to a stake for every card not played by the others, except from anyone holding Pope, which excuses him from paying; but if Pope has been played previously, then the person having held it is not excused.

King and queen form what is called Matrimony; queen and knave make Intrigue when in the same hand; but neither they, nor ace, king,

queen, knave or Pope entitle the holder to the stakes deposited thereon unless played out.

No claim can be allowed after the board is dressed for the succeeding deal; but in all such cases, the stakes are to remain on the board for future determination.

This game only requires a little attention to remember what stops have been made in the course of the game; as for instance suppose a player begins by laying down the eight of clubs, then the seven in some other hand forms the stop.

Whenever clubs are led after that from any lower card, the holder may safely play it in order to clear his hand.

I tried to get the rules of Pope Joan for years as I had the board, on which my family used to play when I was too young to join in, and it was only a year or two ago that I found them in *Consult Me*. We then played at Christmas, a party of five, which is sufficient, and found it quite easy to work out from these rules.—CHRISTINE JERRAM, *The Haven, Donhead, near Shaftesbury, Dorset*.

[We must thank Lady Jerram and the many other readers who have written to us about Pope Joan. Other correspondents kindly give some additional information:—The king and queen of trumps represent Matrimony, the knave and queen, Intrigue, and in each case must be played together to win the stake. It appears that the eighth card from the bottom is turned up to decide trumps, and players cut for deal, the nine of diamonds taking precedence.—ED.]

VANISHING INDUSTRIES

SIR,—Some time ago you published a letter and the photograph of a chair-canner under the heading *Vanishing Industries*.

I thought perhaps you would be interested in another which I managed to secure only the other day, that of a travelling-tinker—who is also a great deal more. This romantic and picturesque occupation is becoming all too rare, and one feels glad when a survival happens to come one's way.

You will note that the man, Mr. A. E. Tong, is comparatively young; he told me that he has lived in Penge, S.E. 20—apart from a little bombing incident—all his life, has followed this occupation since leaving school, and works a radius of ten miles. He finds plenty to do, makes a fair living, and is, above all, happy in his work. Needless to say his perambulator is full of interest, with its suggestion of hand-made origin, and all the little gadgets for the carrying on of the craft; for instance there is a tiny anvil near his right hand. He also grinds knives and mends chairs. Garnished with glittering brass, its brightness and completeness are a marvel of satisfaction.—ALLAN JOHNSON, S.E.19.

LOUISA'S RACE

SIR,—Some years back you published a letter from me, with photographs, about the historic match that Mrs. Thornton—the *Chere Amie* of Colonel Thornton—rode and won on the Knavesmire, York, on August 25, 1805, against the famous jockey, Francis Buckle, who rode five Derby winners. The illustrations you then used were of Mrs. Thornton—really Alicia Meynell “the daughter of a respectable watch-maker, of the city of Norwich”—passing the winning-post on Louisa, about half-a-length in front of Francis Buckle on Allegro, and of the official record of the race in the 1805 issue of the *Racing Calendar* in which sacred

tome Mrs. Thornton still holds the unique distinction of being the only lady-rider ever mentioned.

Now thanks to Sir Humphrey de Trafford, the Senior Steward of the Jockey Club, I am able to send you a photograph of the silver plaque which was attached to the Cup which she—or Colonel Thornton—won. The photograph, admittedly, does not do it justice but the plaque, which measures 2¾ by 1¾, was so beautifully mounted that it was necessary to get the photographer—Mr. Robert Clark of Royston—to take the picture



IN REWE CHURCH, DEVON

See letter: *A Beautiful Alms-box*

of it as it was, through the glass. For that reason the inscription on it cannot be read distinctly but actually reads: “Col. Thos. Thornton, Louisa, by Pegasus dam Nelly the D of Kill Devil rode by Mrs. A. Thornton, 9st. beat Mr. Bloomfield, Allegro, Sister to Allegante, by Pegasus, and both bred by Col. T., 12st., rode by the noted F. Buckle over York August Meeting 1805 for 100 Ggs. this Cup & 2 Hogshead of Coti Roti. A good race and won by ½ length. A prodigious concourse of People at least 150,000; immense sums were bet on this race.”

I think this will interest readers. The silver-value of the plaque is, I should imagine, infinitesimal but as an unique memento of an unique event it is invaluable and will undoubtedly be treasured by the Jockey Club to which, I understand, Sir Humphrey has presented it.—ADAIR DIGHTON, *Kneesworth, near Royston, Hertfordshire*.

FIGUREHEAD'S HISTORY?

SIR,—Can any of your readers throw any light on the history of the figurehead shown in the enclosed photograph? Ever since I have known Alfriston, in Sussex, this grotesque object, larger than a man, has decorated the façade of the ancient Star Inn, reputed to have started life as a monastic hostel, but I have never been able to find out where the figure head came from.—E. M. BARRAUD, *Little Eversden, Cambridgeshire*.



SHIP'S FIGUREHEAD AT ALFRISTON, SUSSEX

See letter: *Figurehead's History?*

HEN EPISODES

SIR,—I had an experience two nights ago which may amuse your readers. While out with a rod on a neighbouring stream I saw in the distance, in the middle of the stream, not far from some ducks and a swan, a patch of brown with a red head. Saying to myself “That’s a queer-looking duck,” I stalked up to it, popped up my head, and was astonished to see a large Rhode Island Red hen calmly sitting in the middle of the stream! Not being especially keen to go into five feet of mud and water to rescue it I tried calling it gently. It at once paddled to the shore, about six feet from me and scrambled up the bank, which was steep.

I rang up the owner of the stream; he had never heard of this happening before. The only explanation of which I can think is that the hen at one time brought up a brood of ducklings and took to the water with them. The owner said that last year ducks were brought up by one of his hens.

Quite lately I came across another interesting hen episode. My evacuee was feeding the hens in my orchard and had left them and had got as far as the gate when he noticed one of them following him, looking up at him and running back, as a dog does when wanting one to follow him. He went back and found some calves eating the hens’ food and drove them off, after which the hen in question joined the others at the feeding dishes. It certainly seemed as if the hen was asking for help!—E. A. MACKAY (Major), *Hilberton House, Hilberton, Wiltshire*.

A BEAUTIFUL ALMS-BOX

SIR,—I came across this lovely little alms-box in the church at Rewe, Devon, and feel sure it will interest your readers. It is very unusual, being octagonal in shape and finely carved. It is over 300 years old, and is a treasure in a good state of preservation.—J. DENTON ROBINSON, *Darlington, Durham*.

AN EXCEPTIONAL NESTING SITE

SIR,—Kittiwakes are such lovers of sea cliffs for nesting that it is something of a novelty to find them coming to the haunts of man in order to rear their families. Witherby mentions two exceptional sites in his *British Birds*—one at Granton Pier, Edinburgh, and the other at Dunbar harbour, East Lothian. The nests at Dunbar are on the window-ledges of a disused warehouse overlooking the harbour. Kittiwakes have come to

this site for many years and they are back again this season.

Most of the nests face north towards the sea; some are on side windows close to dwelling-houses. I recently counted 39 in all, each one constructed in the usual kittiwake fashion—a pile of moss and grass and sea-weed cemented on to the ledges and tucked into the corners. One or two were larger than the others as though one nest had been built on top of another.

When I visited the colony early in the season, affectionate display and posturing were at their height. Birds returning from the sea to their sitting mates bowed continuously as though, in the words of a fellow-observer, "they had met for the first time." Now and again a sitting bird would shuffle on the nest and turn the eggs in the well-defined cups. The scene suggested serene content, for the kittiwake is a home-loving bird. Though it is a great ocean wanderer it appears to delight to come to land for a period to rear its young. The mated pairs lavish affection on one another and no parents are more devoted to their brood. Should some mishap rob them of their two eggs, or their young, they remain quietly and pensively at the nest, comforted, evidently, by each other's company. It was a joy to look upon this unusual colony and see again the grey mantles, the black wing-tips, the yellow beaks and the dark, gentle eyes of a most lovable bird.—R. I. M., *East Lothian*.

TO SHARPEN STAINLESS KNIVES

SIR,—For very many years I have used a 9-in. by $\frac{3}{4}$ -in. carborundum poker, fixed in a wood handle. Hold the blade nearly flat and use it a few times on each side of the knife.

If the ironmonger cannot supply, one may have to wait till more labour is available.

One word more; it is wise never to drop the sharpener, as so many do.—ERNEST J. SHARP, *High Street, Wendover, Buckinghamshire*.

WORK-TABLE ACCESSORIES

SIR,—I have been reading the interesting articles on work-table accessories, in which Miss Groves quotes the account of John Lofting setting up the first workshop for making thimbles in England, and from which she implies that the thimble was a curiosity in this country in the late seventeenth century, and also that thimbles were not made here in any quantity until 1695.

I feel that this cannot be correct, for the thimble, like the needle and the scissors, must be of very ancient origin, and, although John Lofting undoubtedly did set up a manufactory for thimbles, it was certainly not by a long way the first in England.

For contemporary evidence of this, in Randle Holme's *Academy of Armoury* (1688), there appears in an



KITTIWAKES' NESTS ON THE WINDOW-LEDGES OF A DISUSED WAREHOUSE AT DUNBAR

See letter: An Exceptional Nesting Site (Page 1089)

engraved plate, dated 1675, among a large number of other instruments belonging to the handicraft trades, "a pair of Taylors Shears, or Cizars, opened Salter wise between, a Taylors and a Semsters Thimbles, Argent." The tailor's thimble in the print has no top, unlike that of the seamstress, which has a top.

Holme also writes: "We come now to give some



"A TAYLORS AND A SEMSTERS THIMBLES, ARGENT." FROM THE ACADEMY OF ARMOURY (1688)

See letter: Work-table Accessories

for to be an unthrift and so run away he may, but break he cannot: for at the next Town he comes too, he is set up again, if he have but a Needle, Thimble, his Goose and Shears."

These contemporary references, previous to the date of Lofting's manufacture, which show that people had thimbles depicted in their coats of arms and that a thimble was a part of the outfit of a run-away tailor,



ALWAYS OUT

See letter: A Topiary Horse

Examples of Taylors Tools, or Instruments of working: which in themselves are but few in number, though thereby most rich and costly Apparels are made: and being the fewer, the less fear there is of a Taylors breaking,

certainly do not in any way suggest that the thimble was a curiosity in late 17th-century England, and also that thimbles were not made here in any quantity until 1695.

A record also exists (*Act of Tonnage*

and Poundage, 1726) that in 1660 the subsidy to be paid on imported brass or iron thimbles was £3 per 1,000. This import duty signifies a general use of thimbles both in England and on the Continent long before the date of 1684, in which year, Miss Groves states, they were introduced into Europe by the Dutch. Also the duty on foreign needles and pins was 60s. and 50s. respectively per dozen thousand, which also does not signify any scarcity of these articles in 1660, especially as there was a home production as well.—R. W. SYMONS, *Bramley, Surrey*.

OPENCAST COAL-MINING

SIR,—Some of your readers, having read in a recent issue of *COUNTRY LIFE* your comments on opencast coal-mining in this country, may perhaps care to see the enclosed photographs taken on a site in South Wales.

The photograph showing the maze of "old workings" is of considerable interest. When the slab of coal was first uncovered all the space from which the coal had been taken was filled solid with shale which had settled down during the 100 years or more since this coal was worked from the outcrop. No timber struts were found.

The coal seam shown in this photograph is four feet six inches in thickness, has an incline of 1 in 8 from left to right of the photograph and is 100 feet back from the outcrop of the seam. An average of one foot of coal was left on the floor of the seam. A virgin slab of coal was later uncovered further from the outcrop.

Another seam of coal which had also been worked many years ago can be seen in the top right-hand corner of the picture.

The second photograph shows an old wooden shovel carved out of one piece of oak which was found in the old workings. This shovel is now in the Museum at Cardiff.

The third photograph shows the method of opencast working as adopted on this particular site where two seams were worked.

The top seam had been excavated in this picture and the big drag-line excavator on the right is excavating the 25 feet of shale between the two seams with the assistance of the larger of the three lower machines.

This machine is standing on the top of the 4 ft. 6 in. seam and excavating the shale to make a vertical face. The two smaller machines are standing at the base of the coal seam and digging and loading the coal into lorries for transportation to the screens and railway trucks.—G. WRIGLEY, *Woodford Green, Essex*.

A TOPIARY HORSE

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of an interesting experiment in topiary which may not be known to your readers. The very life-like and fiery horse is most suitably placed in a field in Oakham, Rutland.—EDWARD RICHARDSON, *Nottingham*.



COAL SEAM 4 FT. 6 INS. IN THICKNESS: A MAZE OF OLD WORKINGS. (Middle) OLD WOODEN SHOVEL MADE FROM OAK FOUND IN THE OLD WORKINGS. (Right) OPENCAST WORKING: THE BIG DRAG-LINE EXCAVATOR ON THE RIGHT

See letter: Opencast Coal-mining

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Announcement

THE manufacture of Bentley cars will be resumed immediately conditions permit.

There will be no radical change in the appearance of the new models, but they will embody valuable additions to their recognised pre-war excellence.

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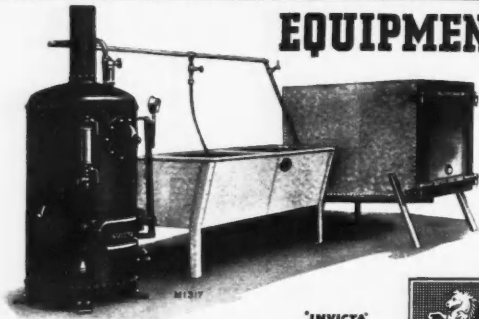
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FARMING NOTES

FURTHER USES FOR AN APPLE CROP

IN a season when so many fruit trees are barren, having been blighted by late frosts, it may seem inopportune to talk about methods of preserving surplus fruit to make saleable products out of what would otherwise be waste. Even so, there are points worth noting in a publication coming from the Essex Farmers' Union (1, King Edward Avenue, Chelmsford) called *Fruit Juice and Apple Products*. There are many commercial fruit growers in Essex, and it is sensible of the N.F.U. in that county to bring together for their information details of the processes for dealing with low-grade apples. If a worth-while product can be made of them and if they can be kept out of the shops, the housewife will form a much better opinion of English apples. The mixing of low-grade and high-grade products, or rather the failure to distinguish between them has been one of the English fruit grower's main handicaps in competing with Canada and Australia. In those countries, the strictest measures are taken to see that none but the highest grades of apples are exported. Apples shipped here are free from blemish. They may not have as much flavour as ours, but they are always good to look at. If only the best apples are to be sold as fresh fruit to consumers, some outlet on a commercial scale must be found for the fruit that does not grade to a high standard.

Apple Products

IN Canada, they make dried apples, canned apples, canned apple sauce, apple pie filler, frozen and SO₂ preserved apples, preserved apple juice, fermented and champagne type cider, vinegar, concentrated apple juice and brandy. A by-product is pectin, usually made from factory waste. Dried apple powder has been made on a small scale and this may become a valuable line. Canadian dried apples have been sold largely in Continental Europe. They have been making about six million pounds annually, which requires about half-a-million barrels of apples. The Canadians believe that the dried apple of high quality in small packages will find a market in Canada and abroad. It is interesting to note that England buys ten times the tonnage of apricots and prunes that she does of apples. The Canadians see prospects too of expanding the market for canned "solid pack" apples here and canned apple sauce. This can be shipped anywhere.

Canned Apple Juice

OF the juice products, canned apple juice is the most popular. There are three juice canneries in Ontario, three in Nova Scotia and two in British Columbia, making 750,000 gallons, and the supply does not meet the demand. It sells cheaper than soft drinks, and as a beverage has special virtues. Apple juice contains fruit sugar, desirable acidity, protein, mineral salts, vitamins and pectin, whereas soft drinks are made with cane sugar, which requires digestion before it can be assimilated, and have desirable acidity, pure water and CO₂ gas. I agree with the Canadian view that there cannot be any comparison from a health point of view, and few flavours can match that of good ripe apples. If the apple juice product is not made exactly right there is, I have noticed, a slight flavour of stewed apples. This is not altogether pleasant, and is I imagine an indication that the heating process has been carried too far. Equipment requirements for the processing of apple juice are not heavy. A press,

tanks, filter or centrifuge, pump, sterilising unit, can sealer and cooler are all that are necessary. The orchard producer may construct such equipment for an output of a few hundred gallons a day at surprisingly low cost.

Fruit Wines

DR. V. L. S. CHARLEY and Dr. T. H. J. Harrison have done pioneer work on fruit wines. Such wines with 8 to 14 per cent. alcohol by weight can be produced from all sorts of fruit. Apple wine is not a satisfactory product, when made from market varieties of apples, but excellent wines can be made from strawberries, raspberries, loganberries, and also from black currants and cherries. Strawberries produced a remarkably good wine, with a characteristic light brown sherry aroma and flavour. The wine matured up to three years and developed a very mellow and intriguing flavour. Loganberry wine matured into a full-bodied, luscious port wine type in which the fruit character was retained. In Canada loganberry wine has become quite important in the valleys of British Columbia, where this fruit is widely cultivated. For making fruit brandies, cider apples in France, plums in Rumania and cherries in several European countries for the manufacture of "kirsch" are used.

Iodinated Protein

THERE has been a great deal of talk lately about the possibility of boosting milk yields by using what is called iodinated protein. It is even suggested that some of the very high herd averages that some pedigree breeders manage to attain are due to the use of this special feed. I see from the report of the National Institute for Research in Dairying that investigations have been carried out at Reading. Altogether five experimental centres co-operated, and the results are now before the Agricultural Research Council. It has proved possible to increase milk production very considerably in cows past the peak of lactation, and the experiments have been mainly concerned with the factors that are responsible for variation in the milk and fat yield responses. Now the use of iodinated protein is being tried on a field scale on a number of farms. There are risks in the use of this product. It acts as a stimulant, causing variation in the heart rate, respiration rate and body temperature in normal cows. My own feeling, without knowing anything about the technicalities, is that we already push our dairy cows hard enough to get high yields and that the use of special products may very well lead to breakdown in valuable animals. What we need surely is a more durable cow, one that is good for six or seven lactations with a yield of about 800 gallons.

"A Butter-fat Standard"

THE farmers of Canada and the United States have found it good business to study consumers' preferences as to creamy milk. Here the farmer with Jersey or Guernsey cows gets no more for his milk than the farmer with Friesians or Red Polls. I can see that it will be difficult for the Milk Marketing Board to take a lead in arranging premiums for butter-fat content because most of their constituents have cows which do not ordinarily give milk that averages more than about 3.2 per cent. butter-fat. Even so, a start could be made by taking this figure as the basis for the standard price with a premium for any additional butter-fat. CINCINNATUS.

THE ESTATE MARKET

THE FORERUNNER OF LORD'S

IT was in Dorset Square that Thomas Lord started "The Cricket Ground," in 1787. He was assisted by influential patrons, among them the Duke of Dorset, Lord Darnley, Lord Winchelsea, and Sir Horace Mann. Before that, the game had been played in Finsbury, and many citizens and others objected to the unruly crowds who used to attend the matches and lay heavy wagers on the results. The last game at Dorset Square was played in 1810, and the Marylebone Cricket Club began playing on what is now famous as Lord's. Purely residential at first, Dorset Square eventually became to some extent a business and professional centre. Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley have sold Dorset Square Hotel to the London and North Eastern Railway Company, for adaptation as offices. The hotel has been closed ever since it was severely damaged in an air raid.

TRIUMPH OF RECLAMATION

SIR CHRISTOPHER SYKES, in the last 30 years of the eighteenth century, converted part of the East Yorkshire wolds from waste land into some of the finest farms in the country. Thixendale, one of the villages in the district, and formerly part of the Sledmere estate, with 1,900 acres, and a rental of well over £1,000 a year, is shortly to be offered by Mr. Jackson Stops. Many of the tenants have held their holdings for a long period.

Three Lincolnshire farms, for £15,000, have just changed hands at Sleaford. Salter's Farm, 290 acres, at Potter Hanworth, made £9,000, the rental being £300 a year; Grange Farm, Rowston, 215 acres, let at £278, £4,400; and Hall Farm, 56 acres, at Bloxholm, let at £70 a year, £1,500.

Marcham Priory property, 36 acres, has been sold at Abingdon, Berkshire, for £8,600.

Over £16,000 was realised by sales a few days ago, by Messrs. Fox and Sons, for house property in Bournemouth and Christchurch, Hampshire, mostly freehold and with immediate possession.

FARMS OFFERED OR SOLD

UPPER and Lower Compton Stud Farms, at Newmarket found a buyer before the auction, leaving only one small freehold for auction locally by Messrs. Bidwell and Sons. The vendor was Mr. Reginald Day, and the holdings have a total area of 117 acres, with well designed and substantial buildings. Portions of the paddocks have been recently reseeded, with the approval of the War Agricultural Executive Committee, and no ploughing-up orders are outstanding.

Strutt and Parker Farms, Limited, offer vacant possession of Highlands Hall, a genuine Elizabethan farm-house in a few acres, at Monks Eleigh, near Lavenham. This West Suffolk freehold will come under the hammer of Messrs. Bidwell and Sons at Sudbury on July 12.

Midland residential and agricultural freeholds have just been dealt with by Messrs. Jackson Stops and Staff. Every lot on the 676 acres of Rothersthorpe, near Northampton, changed hands for a total of £30,065. The Manor House made £4,200, and Damesfield Farm, 248 acres, went to the tenant at £8,050. Other lots were Poplars Farm, 270 acres, £9,500, and the Manor Farm, 138 acres, £5,500. On the Hillmorton House estate, near Rugby, the firm has sold Whitehall Farm, 100 acres, for £3,850, and other lots, and they still have the principal

residence, Hillmorton House, for sale after its withdrawal at £3,500.

COST OF UPKEEP

WAR damage, so far as it is the subject of compensation, usually means what personal accident policies define as injury sustained by "violent, visible and external means," broadly speaking, the evident and unquestionable consequences of the fall of explosive or incendiary bombs. But there is another form of war damage, costly in its results, the deterioration of property due to the unavoidable omission of periodical painting work. Unfortunately many of the officials who administer the regulations, regarding expenditure in building, seem to postulate that nothing should be allowed beyond the £10 limit except where the use of brick, stone, timber or iron is contemplated. Yet any practical man can tell them that repainting is absolutely necessary to preserve premises. The ordinary pre-war lease generally provided that premises should be painted externally once in every three years and internally once in every seven years. With good lead paint properly applied this was enough; in fact, repainting was often allowed to be left undone for longer periods. Inspection of London and other property to-day reveals an immense amount of deterioration due to neglect to repaint. Woodwork, especially window-frames, shows decay, and ironwork, such as gutters, is corroded beyond hope of preservation.

GOOD MATERIALS

IT was always advisable for those who ordered painting to be done to insist on the use of first-rate paint, both for the undercoat and the finishing coats. So careful were many owners on this point that they stipulated that they would supply the paint. Where they did so, it behoved them to see that that paint and no other was used. The leading makers of paint prescribe undercoats adapted for various types of work. To-day, painting costs at least twice what it did six years ago, but it is still true as it was then, that the wages bill accounts for three-fourths of the cost of any job, and that to use any but the best paint is to throw money away. Mr. Norman J. Hodgkinson (Messrs. Bidwell and Sons) writes: "Licensing Officers appear, almost invariably, to look upon painting as merely a decorative luxury to be turned down out of hand without even inspection, whereas this comparatively minor work may be vitally necessary in order to preserve the wood and ironwork of the main structure, and to prevent the necessity for vastly more extensive repairs and replacements at a comparatively early date, if the building is to be preserved. I have a letter before me to the effect that no licences are being issued for painting!"

The need for repainting is very great in London, and it is likely to remain so, for house-painters seem to be among the slowest of workers. Their methods and apparatus are antiquated, and it might be worth while to experiment in the formation of mobile units of painters, equipped with spraying plant and ladders, that would not need three men to move them a yard or two every hour or so. Units of this kind operating, say, for all the owners in a street, could make headway against the mass of arrears, and prevent a prolongation of waste. Of course, while the £10 limit lasts neither painting nor any other work can be undertaken, unless a local authority certifies that it is imperatively necessary to do it. ARBITER.

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NEW BOOKS

TWO KINDS OF JUNGLE

Reviews by HOWARD SPRING

THE untidy ribbon of land that waves between the Pacific and the Caribbean, tying together the northern and southern halves of the American continent, includes Honduras. Honduras once spelled mahogany, and more recently has spelled bananas. Before bananas became a luxury, you would see the green bunches being placed on a moving belt at Truxillo, endlessly moving into the holds of ships.

Industry, however, has never done more than make a scratch or two near the Caribbean coast. An American fruit company, says Mr. Victor W. von Hagen in *Jungle in the Clouds* (Hale, 15s.), "was given land in lots of six to twelve hundred acres for every kilometre of railroad it would build. But since the fertile valleys were all the land the planters wanted, the roads never reached the hills, and Honduras has never got around to amplifying its system of communications."

IN THE CLOUD FORESTS

In the almost untouched interior, what Mr. von Hagen calls the "cloud forests" are spread upon the hills, and in the cloud forests the quetzal bird lives and breeds. Mr. von Hagen went to Honduras in June of 1937 primarily to catch live quetzels for the zoos of London and New York.

The quetzal is held by this author to be the most beautiful bird in the world. "Not much larger than a pigeon, clothed in iridescent plumes quivering from gold to copper to deep jade, with a breast as red as blood from a deep wound" it has a tail of two magnificent plumes, a yard long, that stream behind it in flight. "This bird had given its name to the sweet-tempered god of the Aztecs, and its three-foot plumes to the Knights of the Plumed Serpent."

For centuries it was held that the bird was mythological, and then, once it was known to exist, it was for long considered that it would not live in captivity. Taking the nestlings, and expending an infinity of care on their early days, Mr. von Hagen at last got them to the coast and put them aboard ship. He remained in Honduras. Months later he received there a report from New York that the quetzels were "doing well" and from London that they were "in excellent shape." That is the last we hear of them; what has happened to them in the intervening years we are not told.

Mr. von Hagen's wife shared this adventure with him, and when they had seen the birds safely aboard, they returned to the interior where they studied the habits of a small tribe almost completely untouched by the influences of civilisation; and

then devoted some time to the monuments of Mayan people. It makes up a fascinating book, excellently illustrated.

For me, I found the story of the search for the quetzels the most absorbing part. This is their habitat. "The forests we now entered were buried in constant gloom. It was a matted wilderness. Immense cedars, great smooth trunks that eight men could not surround, rose upward out of sight, encumbered by entwining wild fig trees, themselves burdened by masses of air plants that dripped incessantly. And all the trees were knotted together by liana cables that were like the serpents that entwined Laocoon."

It was through this steaming, majestic and gloomy wilderness that Mr. von Hagen first saw a male quetzal passing in unhurried flight: "utterly lovely and regal from the tip of his pouting beak to the end of the streaming plumes. I could see why he had been deified."

The birds nest in trees hollowed by wood-peckers. They have no song worth mentioning. All the beauty is in the male, especially when he is in flight. Mr. von Hagen watched a pair of them plucking fruit from a tree. "It was marvellous to see them. They took their meal on the wing, sweeping down at it with spreading wings to catch a cluster on the up-glide. They picked the fruit in the same way they caught flying insects, never coming to rest on a bough, but making a kind of sublime dinner-dance of their meal." The book is full of such entrancing pictures of the country and its denizens.

LONDON JUNGLE

Nearer home is the jungle under the clouds of London. What are we to do about that? We have cleared the forests that once pressed down to the river. We have chained the streams in culverts. We have piled the higgledy-piggledy monuments of centuries of changing views as to "civilisation," and smacking into the vast amorphous result have come the bombs of the last few years. So much of London must be rebuilt. But how?

There are, of course, as many answers to that question as there are "interests" at stake. Mr. C. B.

Purdum has taken a look all round the matter in his book *How Should We Rebuild London?* (Dent, 12s. 6d.). "There is undoubtedly," says Mr. Purdum, "a conviction that there must be a better London, but the impulse is still so vague that even the planners think of the old and how to repeat it. I have written this book because a vision is needed."

Speaking generally, most people will be attracted by the sort of London

JUNGLE IN THE CLOUDS

By Victor W. von Hagen
(Hale, 15s.)

HOW SHOULD WE REBUILD LONDON?

By C. B. Purdum
(Dent, 12s. 6d.)

WAR THROUGH ARTISTS' EYES

By Eric Newton
(Murray, 12s.)

STUDENTS AT QUEEN'S

By J. S. Arey
(Oxford University Press, 6s.)

the author sees in his vision; a cleaner, more spacious city, with a smaller population, better communications, worthier buildings, and with a good deal of vulgar glitter wiped off its face. There remains, nevertheless, that everlasting question of "interests." When one begins to examine even the smaller propositions, one can at once hear the clamour of the objections. Take this, for example: "The use of private cars has now been severely restricted, and their pleasure use has disappeared. These restrictions are likely to continue for some time after the war, and ought to remain permanently in some form." How heartily I agree, personally, with the view in italics—not only so far as London is concerned, but so far as everywhere is concerned. But what a howl of opposition, what secret obstinate blocking, any such scheme would meet! And the same will apply to private aeroplanes, too. "I say nothing about private aerial transport," says Mr. Purdom, "for I think it cannot be permitted." I think it should not be permitted, but that is another matter.

Again, speaking of shops, the author says: "There should be control but it must be intelligent and informed." "Must be," indeed! Again one can only say it *should* be. There is no *must* about it.

"USE-LIFE" FOR BUILDINGS

One of Mr. Purdom's most interesting—and certainly most controversial—proposals is a "use-life" for all buildings. Houses, shops, factories, warehouses, schools, hospitals, theatres, railway stations, should all have as it were an architectural-medical overhaul at the end of thirty years. "After thirty years the building would have to justify itself," and if it were permitted to remain, then it would have to come up for another examination at the end of a given period. "The element that would be likely to play a decisive part in judging use-life is the spaciousness of the building, for more space is the demand of a rising standard of civilisation."

For this reason he condemns flats for families, and considers the Portal house "mean and poverty-stricken, hideous as a single building, and large groups of them would disgrace any city."

This is a generous, indignant book, certainly not lacking in the "vision" that the author claims, an inspiration rather than an instrument, men being what they are.

ARTISTS AND WAR

Pictures of some of the things that have disappeared from London for ever, painted in the moment of their catastrophic disintegration, appear in *War Through Artists' Eyes*, selected by Eric Newton who writes an introductory essay (Murray, 12s.). The pictures we have here, some of them in colour, are all concerned with this present war, on land and sea and in the air, and they were painted in many countries. Considering only the London aspect, looking at the craters gaping in the streets and the fires licking among ruins, one reflects that all this devastation was achieved before the coming of the "V" weapons. That is to say, these were the first elementary attempts at destruction before the discovery of the master-hand which, if there is a next time, will be the overture, not the finale.

If I were a young architect, this thought would weigh me to the ground like lead, but it is not a thought I need develop here. Certain it is that

young men will want to be architects and lawyers and doctors as keenly as ever. Youth, happily, escapes some of the foreboding of age; and this being so, it is wise of the Oxford University Press to bring out a series which they call The Career Books.

TO BE A DOCTOR

The first of them, by J. S. Arey (6s.), is called *Students at Queen's*, and deals with the lives of two young men learning medicine and surgery. The book is written as a novel, but whether it is the publisher's intention that all the books in the series should be novels I do not know. It would be an excellent idea if they were, provided that all the authors were as good novelists as Mr. Arey, who has shown in several books that he knows the doctor's life as well as he knows how to write about it.

In this present volume he has done his job in a fashion that combines interest with information in perfect proportions. Reading the book simply as a tale, one finds it trim and taut at all points, and at the end one really does know the main outline of a young doctor's daily life.

HIGHLAND PHOTOGRAPHS

ALL lovers of the country scene are familiar with the illustrated monographs of Mr. W. A. Poucher. He is a photographer of genius, who conceals beneath an easy manner an inexhaustible patience and a profound study of Nature's vagaries. Anyone, he assures us, could produce the same results with a little care and attention to a few simple rules. We know better, but the knowledge does not lessen our admiration of his masterly craftsmanship. His latest book, *Highland Holiday* (Chapman and Hall, 18s.) covers the region from the Isle of Arran to Ben Cruachan, east of Taynuilt, and so includes such superb subjects as Loch Lomond, the Trossachs, and Loch Awe, as well as Arran itself. The studies of Arran in particular have not been surpassed, and Mr. Poucher's fortitude as a climber has given us many fine shots of the high peaks that most of us are never likely to see in actuality. This book fully maintains the standard of his earlier records of tours in Scotland, the Lakes and Wales, and no praise could be higher than that.


CORNISH CREAM

MISS ANNE TRENEER had a father who could tell her not to say that lambs were "frisking in the verdant pasture lands," but "playing in the green fields," and so give her the only important lesson which it is possible to give to a young writer. How well she has profited by it will be seen by readers of *School House in the Wind* (Cape, 7s. 6d.). The book is a record of happy childhood, in which the poetry of emotion is forced to contain itself within the plain borders of fact, gaining by the discipline. Kind parents, cultivated though poor; plenty of brothers and a sister; beauty of sea and land; wise, unfettered education: it reads like an ideal for childhood in general, and the author had it all. Her powers of observation are lovingly acute; she enters into the nature of what she describes, as when, concerning harvest festival decorations, she says, "Dahlias would never go to church by nature; whereas lilies might have been born in church." At one point, we are left chuckling by the suddenly fierce attack on Mr. Joad, who evidently represents for Miss Treneer, as for a good many of us, all the people whose fathers didn't tell them how to describe lambs, but let them riot on in disastrous polysyllables. For refreshment and delight in the midst of war-time cares, this book is to be commended highly. V. H. F.

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Personality OF DRESS



PHOTOGRAPH: DERMOT CONOLLY

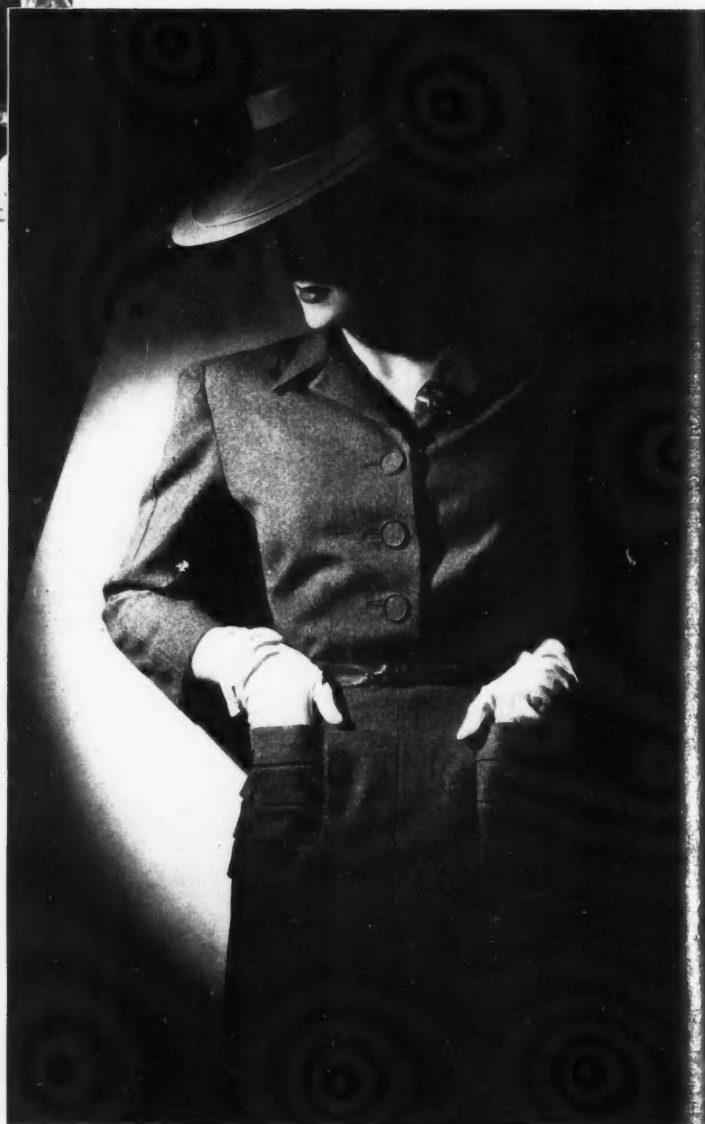
The frock with swing skirt in coral coloured woollen with curved seams running into pockets, bracelet-length sleeves. Fortnum and Mason

FASHION is rapidly going back to the era when a woman had her dresses for great occasions—her ball dress, bridal dress, dinner dress, court dress—styled exclusively for her. Lucille always did this; one dress and one only was made to a design, and the boast of the house was that no client ever saw her dress on another woman. Now, the shortage of materials is making this a necessity; usually, there is only sufficient for one, or at the most three, dresses to be made from the last few yards of a bolt. The bride of 1945 usually has an individual design and uses a length of silk that she has discovered among the family treasures or that has been laid by in the dressmaker's stockroom. Sometimes she wears her grandmother's dress intact, for period styles are fashionable, sometimes uses rolls of silks bought by an ancestress. Jacquemar made Miss Sarah Norton's wedding dress from a length of brocaded slipper satin woven in Macclesfield about 1890. The stiff gleaming satin has acquired the patina of ivory and is brocaded with sprays of jessamine and stephanotis tied with true-lovers' knots. The dress has long tight sleeves with tiny rolls of the fabric laid across the top giving a period line to the squared shoulders, a tight bodice and a full skirt spreading into a short train. On the point of the V *décolletage*, Miss Norton wore a large diamond butterfly brooch, a family heirloom, on her head a tiara made from diamond stars.

Prints are almost as rare as bridal finery. The

charming Elizabethan print we illustrated a few weeks ago, where the prim bright flowers look as though they are growing in tiny window boxes, is used on a sky-blue ground for a Summer evening dress. This dress has small sleeves, a flat, round neckline circling the base of the throat, a shallow shoulder yoke outlined by a row of star stencilling picking up the bright pastel colouring of the print. There is more of the stencilling indicating the waistline, while godets fall in graceful folds at the back fanning out the hemline—this is a skirt that moves well for dancing. The same design is used for a day frock on both a white and a sweet-pea-pink ground, a deep pointed waistband and a folded, cross-over bodice, elbow sleeves for one, a yoked top for the pink. The printed dresses of this Summer are youthful, with swing skirts and a tiny waist accented by a wide shaped waistband. A folded cross-over top or a wide bertha yoke with double seaming at the edge gives a broad-shouldered look to the top. Some tie under the chin with a big bow, others tie at the back on the waistline.

The many coat-frocks and button-through frocks keep, in the main, to the straight slim silhouette, with unpressed pleats or godets, or gores set in at hip level so that the hemlines have considerably



The coat-frock in clerical grey flannel with patch pockets cut with layers, a pigskin belt, bracelet-length sleeves. Digby Morton

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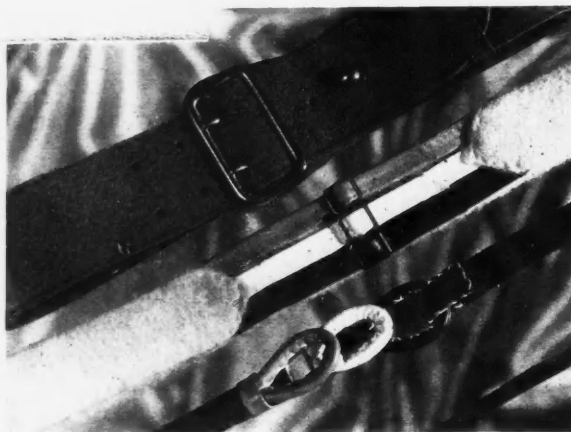
—Derry & Toms—
Kensington W



Four-coupon cardigan in rayon yarn, black with three-colour front dotted in white. The spotted sweater is deep blue and white. Both Jaeger

more movement than last year, while the waist is close fitting. Tops are mostly cut like shirts with neat open revers that can be worn up or down.

Pockets are ornamental, all straight lines on plain straight dresses, curved when the skirts are flared. Buttons and belts are usually unobtrusive, the nicest being in pigskin or in the material from which the dress is made, rimmed with pigskin. Materials are flannel in mushroom brown or a dark clerical grey, smooth firm woollens in coral, cinnamon, or biscuit, suitings checked or lined in a second colour on a neutral ground. For the early Autumn the



Brown leather Sam Browne belt and two in coloured felt with leather straps and links. Jaeger

dresses are charming in dress-weight tweeds in mixed pastels with a skirt gored to give a very slight lilt to the hem.

THE smartest of the coat-frocks have bracelet-length sleeves and are worn with dangling charm, seal or coin bracelets or broad bracelets of carved coral or other semi-precious stones. They look equally well with wide-brimmed straws and with the new cloche bonnets that have a thick brim and are swathed with chiffon, rather like the first motoring bonnets of the beginning of the century. Compared with the hats of the last few years these bonnets look as though they almost weigh the head down but they are actually light and most becoming. The general effect undoubtedly is that one has much more on the head than before. The hair is almost covered when it is short; the hats placed on top, Edwardian fashion and dead straight, when the hair is long and swept up.

The exclusive note persists all through the fashion story, not least with the jewellery. The days when half the women at a luncheon wore the same piece of costume jewellery have departed. Now the smartest thing is to burrow through the antique shops and find some piece of jewellery that is curious and individual. Bracelets of all kinds are being worn the whole time and the antique ones are particularly beautiful. Gloves are as plain as they can be. Double chamois pull-ons, hand-stitched, are chic with all Summer clothes and show off the bangles and bracelets. Coral, stranded to lie flat like a collar row upon row, is worn with deep blue and grey; chunky gold clips with black and coral suits and frocks; sprays of tiny bead flowers bloom on the lapels of Summer linens in bright mixed colours.

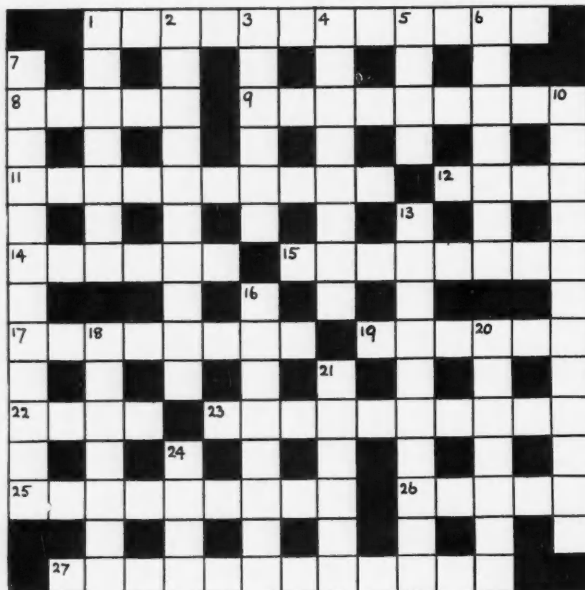
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CROSSWORD No. 804

Two guineas will be awarded for the first correct solution opened. Solutions (in a closed envelope) must reach "Crossword No. 804, COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2," not later than the first post on Thursday, June 28, 1945.

NOTE.—This Competition does not apply to the United States.



Name.....
Mr., Mrs., etc.

Address.....

SOLUTION TO No. 803. The winner of this Crossword, the clues of which appeared in the issue of June 15, will be announced next week.

ACROSS.—1 and 3, Blue delphinium; 9, Ouse; 10, Bus drivers; 12, Deeds; 13, Enlace; 15, Air; 18, Rider; 19, Ambergris; 22, Obligated; 24, Not so; 25, Yes; 26, The Hog; 29, Erupt; 32, Tinned meat; 33, Fire; 34, Balustrade; 35, Feet. DOWN.—1, Broad arrow; 2, Unsteadily; 4, Exuberant; 5, Pedal; 6, Iliac; 7, Iver; 8, Mist; 11, As a rag; 14, Ale; 16, Protrusile; 17, Assortment; 20, Bodyguard; 21, Rinsed; 23, Ace; 27, Heeds; 28, Homer; 30, Stub; 31, Anil.

ACROSS.

1. Fruit brought here would be coals to Newcastle (5, 7)
8. Nose round about nothing at all (5)
9. Branches famous as the abode of doves (3, 6)
11. Hitler's played him false (10)
12. Fret in the forest (4)
14. Minor whirlwinds (6)
15. Putting a good face on it, anyhow! (6, 2)
17. Reciprocal behaviour (8)
19. One of two intersecting circles appears to attract the company (6)
22. Given on July 5 (4)
23. Not one of Stevenson's "blue days" (5, 2, 3)
25. Translation (9)
26. Chanticleer prepared to fire? (5)
27. Poison always is (3, 2, 2, 5)

DOWN.

1. Add poet in confusion (7)
2. America has had thirty-two (10)
3. Optical shield? (6)
4. Roam lawn (anagr.) (5, 3)
5. Its bowler takes no wickets (4)
6. Shrouds (7)
7. Proverbial embodiment of every boy's occupational ambition (6, 6)
10. Aspiring Johns? (12)
13. Having a few words? (3, 2, 1, 4)
16. The one-armed has (4, 4)
18. Shakespearian character (7)
20. Nor Huns with unclipped wool! (7)
21. "— is the ring of words
When the right man rings them."
—R. L. Stevenson (6)
24. Torn away with reference to a little measure (4)

The winner of Crossword No. 802:

Miss Joan Campbell,

Strachur Park,

Strachur, Argyll.

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